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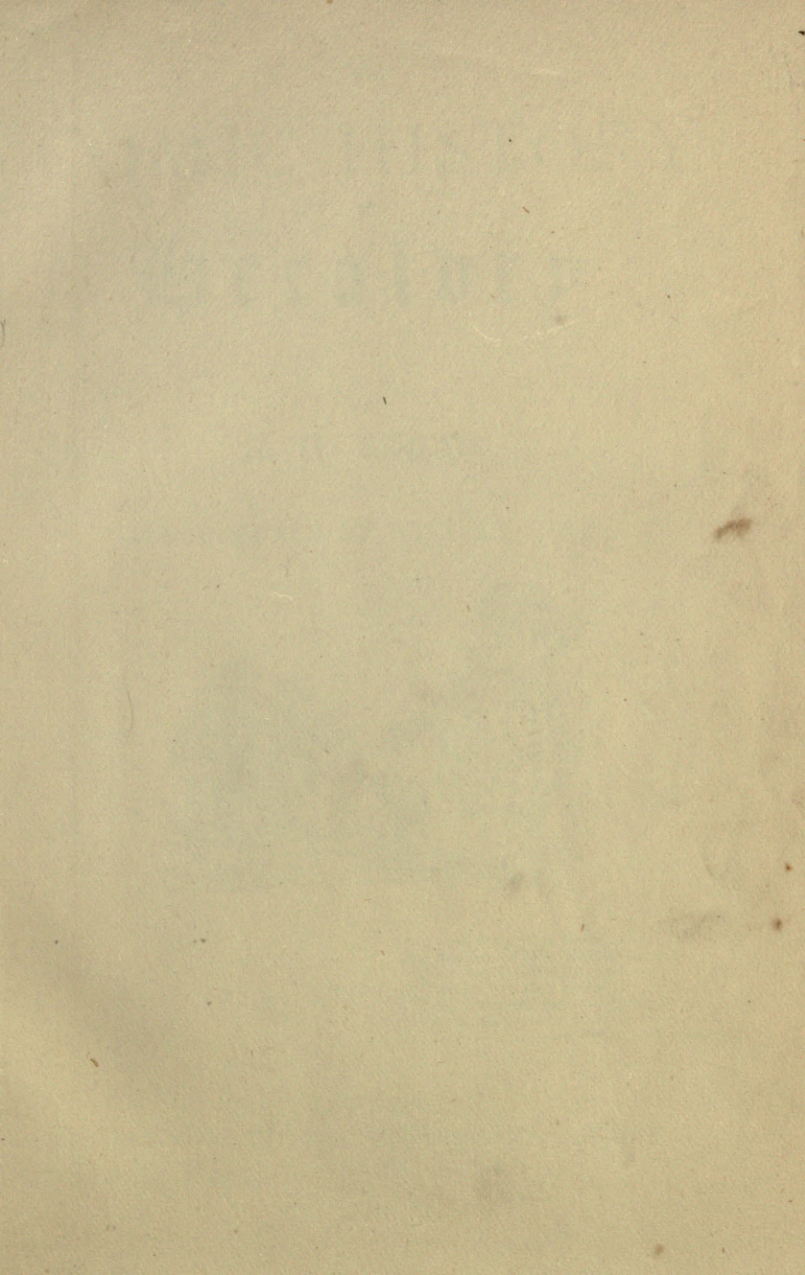
GWILLIAMS
VOL. 1

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Sam Hingston



4/6





YE
COMIC HISTORY
OF
Heraldry

BY
R. H. EDGAR.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VINE.



And then the stately Herald rose.
And donned his best Heraldic clothes—
Quoth he, "Ope each, each ear;
Of Heraldry ye shall know now,
The why, the wherefore, and the how;
There's no deception here!"

—Old Ballad (unpublished).

LONDON :
WILLIAM TEGG AND CO., PANCRAS LANE, CHEAPSIDE.
[SECOND EDITION.] 1878.

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PREFACE.



HIS is not a Comic Song," was the saying of the late gifted Mr. Robson, in "Vilikins and his Dinah;" and the author, tho' scarcely hoping to rival that great artist in his mirth exciting qualities, may also say that this is not altogether a Comic Book. Motley is not the Herald's only wear, he has under-clothes, modesty forbids their particularisation, of sound Heraldic stuff; and the author has tried, not he hopes quite unsuccessfully, to impart some real information on a comparatively little known subject, and to explain, it may be in a not very dignified fashion, the meanings and uses of the chief Heraldic badges and signs. At the same time he hopes that the actual professors of the science will not be offended at the jingle of the cap and bells, and the jester's motley in connexion with the stately Tabard.



PREFACE.



THIS is not a Comic Song, was the saying of the late gifted Mr. Robinson in "Villikin" and his "Dinah," and the author, too, earnestly hoping that that great artist in his ninth existing quality may also say that this is not altogether a Comic Book. Alas! it is not the libretto only that is under clothes, modestly looking for participation of sound libretto stuff, and the author has tried, not he hopes quite unsuccessfully, to impart some real information on a comparatively little known subject, and to explain it may be in a not very dignified fashion, the language and usage of the chief libretto writers and agents. At the same time he hopes that the actual producers of the comedy will not be offended at the style of the explanation, and the writer's modesty in connection with the study of the





INTRODUCTION. *



BOOKS—like boots, boilers, banjos and binocular glasses—are made to sell. Sometimes the purchaser is sold as well as the book; for instance, anyone buying “Ruff’s Guide to the Turf” under the idea that he was obtaining a useful work for a gardener, would probably find himself in that predicament. Sometimes the author is sold

* THE PRINTER TO THE AUTHOR.

DEAR SIR,

Yours of the 4th, received; likewise your Introduction to the “Heraldry,” but I am without your instructions as to where in the book you wish it to go. Some persons in your line of business place introductions, and prefaces, and such like fills-up at the commencement of the volume, others again at the end; but if you take my advice, a man who has been since the age of 13 years and 4 months in the printing profession, I should say—the middle. You see, sir, it’s this way. Scarcely anybody wants an introduction, and nobody reads it—if they can do anything else. If it is at the beginning they say, and rightly, “Oh, we’ll skip this,” and they skip it accordingly with a unanimity that would be touching if it wasn’t otherwise. If the Introduction is at the end, and the readers fancy the book, when they’ve done with it, they say, “I

when the book does not sell—but more often the publisher ; and—contradictorily—when the book does sell, nobody is sold.

This book is therefore no exception to the general rule. It is made to sell, and the author sincerely hopes that it will fulfil its mission. He can lay his hand upon his heart with the proud satisfaction of knowing that it is not written with a moral purpose. He does not imagine that it will make anyone wiser or better than he or she was before reading it. Such, in fact, is not his intention. There are plenty of excellent people in the world far more capable of improving mankind than he is. Even if he could improve his fellow man, he very much doubts if he would, for fear of his motives being misconstrued. People who improve other people are

wonder what the Introduction is about—dry rot as usual, I suppose,” and then perhaps they read it, or perhaps they don’t, which is the most likely, and you, as the author, stand just half a chance of having your Introduction read. Personally, I am quite impartial in the matter, as I never read Introductions or books either—having in the course of my profession known too many of the people who wrote them. Now what I propose, sir, is, that you put the Introduction in, say about the 9th Chapter, and right in the middle, so that when a reader comes across it, he’ll read it and think it’s part of the text, or that the binders have got drunk, and put a bit of somebody else’s book into yours by mistake, and then he’ll go into fits of laughter on the strength of what a sharp party he or she (for it’s quite likely to be a woman) is, to find it out.

Consequently, sir, I think the middle is the best place in which to put the Introduction ; and, if you have no objection, that is where it shall go.

Yours faithfully,

THE PRINTER.

THE AUTHOR TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

I am in the receipt of your letter, and can only say no one but a dunder-headed dolt or a drivelling idiot would ever even dream of placing an introduction

generally unpleasant themselves, and somebody is sure to want to disestablish them, or go to their funerals, or get rid of them in some permanent and satisfactory manner. So improvement is not, by any means, the author's object. No—his motives are higher, nobler! motives which appeal to feelings all possess, from the penniless pauper in the workhouse ward, to the diamonded duke in his palatial castle. Need the author further mention that his motives are three in number, and that they are £ s. d.

But to the book itself. On that subject the author feels himself thoroughly competent to speak. He has written it, and nobody knows as much about it as he does. Far be it from him unduly to laud a work with which he has, so to say, been intimately connected

anywhere but at the commencement of a volume. Therefore, if you have no objection, that is where I should wish it to go. Uneducated mechanics are scarcely the proper persons to judge where introductions, far above their comprehensions, are best fitted to be placed. Please proceed with the business of printing the book, and refrain from obtruding your remarks and opinions on subjects upon which, from your position, you are utterly unable to form an opinion.

Yours obediently,

THE AUTHOR.

THE PRINTER TO THE AUTHOR.

DEAR SIR,

Yours received. If I might suggest to you one thing, it is this—Don't lose your temper! Who knows what might happen? Somebody might find it who had one of his own, or who did not want yours, and it might lead to no end of confusion, which I am sure you as the father of a family and a ratepayer would regret. As regards the dunder-headed dolt or drivelling idiot you mention, I never knew but one of that sort, and he was in the same line of business as yourself, a literary person who did the fires and fatal accidents for a high-class journal of society, and always drew his salary in advance. Likewise he was known and not trusted at all the houses

since its commencement; far be it from him immoderately to lavish upon it that praise, which he feels it ought to obtain from a discriminating public: his natural modesty revolts from such a course, and sooner than be guilty of it, he would prefer the book to be *given away* free, gratis, together with a ticket for admission to the stalls of any theatre in London, a £5 note, and a barrel of Anglo-Portugo oysters direct from the beds. But the author's preference, alas! goes for nothing. The stony-hearted publisher here steps in and declares that such an arrangement would, in the first place, be derogatory to his honour *as* a publisher; in the second place, it would be a bad, not to say immoral, example; in the third place, it would lead people astray, and in the fourth place, it would

where the flowing bowl circulated, both in Fleet Street and the Strand (N.B.—His flowing bowl was usually Gin neat) and *he* was the only dunder-headed dolt *I* ever knew.

I think the Introduction had better go in the middle, as I said before.

Yours truly,

THE PRINTER

THE AUTHOR TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

The Introduction had better NOT go in the middle, or if it does I'll know the reason why. Place it where Nature intended it to go, at the beginning of the work. As regards the literary person you knew, perhaps you are not aware that penny-a-liners are scarcely upon an equality with the writers of high-class works of science.

Yours obediently,

THE AUTHOR.

THE PRINTER TO THE AUTHOR.

DEAR SIR,

"Writers of high class works of science!" You will excuse my laughing. But to our muttons. Gentlemen of my profession know more of the practical

not be remunerative to him: and finally, he'll see the author privately executed in Newgate, or any where else—where a good working gallows, to carry one, can be erected—first.

This, of course, at once puts an end to those philanthropic intentions for the good of his fellow men which the author had originally in view; and that being the case, there is only one line of conduct he can advise the readers of this introduction to pursue.

It is this. Having obtained possession of the book, whatever you do, *don't lend it*. Not even to the wife of your bosom, the mother of your early years, the father of your riper manhood (or womanhood as the case may be,) or the child of your affection. Lend it to none of them. Tell them it is a great, grand, and glorious work, which

working of your line of business than you do who are in it. Depend upon it I know best. I am advising you for your good, and you'll live to bless me for it some day.

Yours faithfully,

THE PRINTER.

THE AUTHOR TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

Do as I told you, and put the Introduction at the beginning of the book.

Yours obediently,

THE AUTHOR.

THE PRINTER TO THE AUTHOR.

DEAR SIR,

Now just look here. As I said before, it's for your good I'm advising you. If the Introduction is in the middle it's like the pill we put in jam for children, and it will then run a small chance of being read by accident and is bound to be swallowed; whereas if it is at the beginning it won't be read at all. Not that that matters, so far as I can see, but I know that parties who write like to be read.

Yours truly,

THE PRINTER.

Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Gladstone, Disraeli, or any one else you may happen to think of at the moment, would have been proud to have written, and then urge them, as they value their welfare upon earth, to go and BUY it. Buy it! that is the great point. What they do with it after they have bought it, is a matter of not the slightest consequence, and one with which you have really no concern. So long as they buy it, and recommend their friends to do the same, the author will be pleased, the publisher satisfied, and general happiness pervade the atmosphere.

Finally, the author is of opinion, and he enunciates this opinion with all possible diffidence, that although bigger, heavier, and, to a certain extent, more important books have been written, yet he has

THE AUTHOR TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

Please annoy me no more with frivolous objections, and ridiculous suggestions. Do as you are bid. In conclusion, if you still hold the same absurd ideas about the proper place where an introduction ought to go, I can only regard you as an unmitigated jackass.

Yours obediently,

THE AUTHOR.

THE PRINTER TO THE AUTHOR.

DEAR SIR,

I DO hold the same absurd ideas about where the Introduction ought to go, and therefore I am regarded by you as an "unmitigated jackass!"

Sir,—you have insulted me. A legal friend of mine, a lawwriter (when sober) has promised to give me an opinion as to whether I can take the law of you. If I can, there shall be a slander case that will live for ages. Westminster Hall shall ring with my wrongs. Look out!

never, in the whole course of his life, come across one which so forcibly appealed to the grander feelings of the human heart; one which was so admirably calculated to strengthen the weak, cheer the despondent, cure dyspepsia, calm the troubled mind, produce a fine crop of luxuriant hair on the baldest headed, or instil principles of true goodness into the most depraved, as—

Y^E COMIC HISTORY OF HERALDRY.

I will put your Introduction, such as it is, at the beginning of your Heraldry, but in justice to myself, and a growing family of nine—the eldest of which, a boy who has not his equal at a joint on Sundays,—and the second, a girl who can sit upon her own back hair—I shall print this correspondence, with your Introduction (!), and then your readers, if you have any, can see who is right.

Yours faithfully,

THE PRINTER.





YE COMIC HISTORY OF HERALDRY.

CHAPTER I.

HOW HERALDRY AROSE.



OME writers on Heraldry, who have plied the pickaxe of research in the mouldy caverns of antiquity, digging so deeply that they have gone completely through the (w)hole and come out on the other side, place the origin of the science as far back as the flood. They assert that Noah was the first possessor of a coat of arms. But in these materialistic days, when the eye of the sceptic is apt to be drawn down with the wink of incredulity, we

must decline to accept so very far-fetched a statement without some stronger proof than bare assertions, which in this case can scarcely be regarded as the naked truth. Nevertheless, if we may believe the words of Homer, the poet of the siege of Troy—a city, which like medicine, was considerably shaken before it was taken, the heroes engaged in that siege had various devices painted upon their

shields. From this we may infer that the armour of the combatants like the poet's account of the siege, was very highly coloured; moreover, the trick of the Wooden Horse shows us that the Greeks, even in that early age, were decidedly clever in devices.

Æschylus in his celebrated sensational play of "*Septem contra Thebas*," which sounds in its translation of "*Seven against Thebes*," like part of a bet, describes the armour of the combatants, and from his description it is evident that mounting a piece, even in those primitive times, must have cost the spirited manager a drachma or two. Tydeus according to his account bore on his shield a full moon surrounded by stars. Tydeus was a gentleman of sanguinary, not to say cannibalistic propensities; for, after he was mortally wounded himself, having succeeded in killing his slayer, as a final consolation to his dying hours he had the body of his enemy brought to him, and commenced to make a nasty, but perhaps to him satisfactory, meal of its brains. Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, who was coming to restore him, displeased at this bad taste and want of manners, allowed him to die, as a gentle hint to future warriors not to indulge in irregular meals.

Eteocles, according to the same author, bore "an armed man ascending a ladder against a tower." As both he and his brother Polynices ultimately settled their little personal differences in a manner fatal to both of them, the ladder must evidently have been typical of the rounds they were going to have. Polynices, by the way, had on his shield "*Justice leading an armed man*." What this device referred to is difficult to say, and the probability is, Polynices himself did not know, but thought perhaps it would look neat in a family fight, and that the figure of Justice might in some vague way be connected with his claim to the throne of Thebes.

The shields of other champions are also described at some length by Æschylus, but after all enough is as good as a feast, and we will pass on at once to a very big hero indeed.

Open your eyes, blow your noses, don't breathe on the Heraldic glasses, and make way for a conqueror; for here comes Alexander the Great, a warrior who fell an early victim to his strict adherence to anti-temperance principles—and a natural hatred to the Sir Wilfrid Lawsons of the period. He granted to his favourite captains various badges to be worn on their armour, as rewards for valour. These badges were strictly copyright, and any one who was guilty, to use the words of a Mosaic celebrity, of “the untradesmanlike falsehood” of imitating them, or even stating that “it was the same concern” was very liable to be waited on by the party aggrieved and to make the discovery that it is not only leather that gets tanned.

To descend, however, from the mountains of tradition to the level plains of historical truth; the earliest proficient in Heraldry were the French and Normans, and by the latter it was introduced into England amongst other civilizing influences, such as feudalism, cookery, and confiscation of Saxon goods and chattels, &c. We find, also, that Philip the Falconer, Emperor of Germany, A.D. 920, who, if the same person as the one referred to in a song once popular, was always “up with the day,” giving an idea that he was continually engaged in running a race with Time, planted the first seeds of the Heraldic tree by the establishment of a law regulating tournaments.

At these knightly games, which were practised daily, each of the warriors was cased in iron from head to foot, a very stiff binding, and one not unfrequently illustrated with cuts. Not even their faces were visible, or as an old writer on the subject aptly describes it, “Behinde y^e ironne pottes (meaning their helmets) onne colde notte “see y^e mugges.”

Such being the case, or would it be wrong to say, casing, without some method of distinguishing a friend from a foe, the most awkward mistakes must have arisen. For example, fancy the feelings

of a young and stalwart knight, having struck down, as he imagined, the hereditary foeman of his race, upon discovering that he had bestowed what the Irish term "a topper for luck" upon a rich and choleric relation of whose domains he looked for a prospective share.

It was, therefore, to avoid such dreadful trials to human fortitude, that Philip the Falconer ordered that in battle, every knight should wear some peculiar cognizance, whereby he might be known, and if his credit were good, trusted.

In the Crusades, the warriors adopted, in many instances, a cross, and their actions but too frequently corresponded with their cognizances, being very often upon the cross and not at all upon the square; escallops, which had nothing to do with scalloped oysters, but were shells much affected by pilgrims—a class of gentry averse to shelling out in a general way—and martlets, small heraldic birds which differ considerably from natural feathered bipeds, and were usually worn by younger sons; besides numerous other badges denoting that the knight went forth to fight the Paynim, urged thereto by mixed feelings of piety and plunder, the latter predominating.

Hallam, whose "History of the Constitution" proves his own must have been a remarkably tough one to have mastered so dry a subject, places the first regular blazoning of arms in the twelfth century, but it was not until the Third Crusade (A.D. 1189) that the fleur-de-lys first sprouted on the French coat of arms, and the Lions jumped upon the English shield.

Hereditary coats of arms are not found before the beginning of the thirteenth century, indeed some writers place them at the beginning of the sixteenth, the probability being that the custom was gradually obtaining but was not definitively settled until the latter date. Any how it is a proof that up to that time every man stood on his own footing, and that although he might step into his father's shoes yet he had to find his own coat.

Heraldry thus arose by slow degrees until a coat of arms became one of those articles without which no mediæval gentleman's wardrobe could be said to be complete.





CHAPTER II.

OF THE HERALDS.



HAVING seen how Heraldry arose, it behoves us, before we consider the Heraldic ollapodrida itself, to say a few words of the cooks who were the chief compounders of the mixture. These were the Heralds.

The word Herald is said to be derived from two German words "Herr alt"—"Aged sir"—and originally they were veteran soldiers who, pensioners not being invented in those days, were

appointed to carry messages, do odd jobs, and make themselves generally useful. In fact, if this explanation be true, they were prototypes of our modern commissioners.

Amongst the Greeks the Heralds' duties were even less dignified, for Homer describes Talthybius as filling up his spare time with a little plain cooking. Cooking in those days was exceedingly plain. Likewise they prepared the victim, human and otherwise, it was all one to those eminent heathens, for the religious sacrifices, doubt-

less consoling them by comforting observations such as "It's nothing when you're used to it"—"It won't hurt much"—or, "It will be all

the same a hundred years hence," and similar verbal panacea so often applied by persons who do not suffer to those who do.

Amongst the Romans the Heralds (Fetiales as they were called) had decidedly a better time of it, and had risen considerably in the



world. They had a college, and were evidently as great creatures in their way as were their mediæval successors. Livy mentions them as officiating extensively in that celebrated prize-fight between the Horatii and Curiatii, B.C. 667: though whether they held the sponges, or the bottles, or kept the crowd in order, seeing that the roughs in the back seats did not get into the front ones without paying, is not mentioned with that accuracy which the ardent student of the science could have desired.

The Fetiales also declared war, which they did in a very fantastic manner. They proceeded to the hostile country wearing a wreath of wool on their heads, partly, probably, for warmth, as the nights might be cold and travelling slow, and partly as one of the insignia of their office. Having arrived at the frontier, the Herald cast a spear into the enemy's country, or, if he did not happen to have one about him, a staff dipped in blood and burnt at one end did just as well, and then everybody looked out for squalls, and the assurance

offices of the period immediately raised their premiums on military lives to the doubly hazardous war risk elevation with a promptitude that charmed their most grasping shareholders.

To come down, however, to more modern ages: Richard II., who came to a mysterious but decidedly bad end in Pomfret Castle some time in the year A.D. 1400, first laid the foundation of the Heralds' College by giving the Earl Marshal power to preside in the Court of Chivalry, and to summon the Heralds to his assistance. Of course they came. They saw their opportunity, and jumped at the chance, and probably had what the Americans call "a real good time." They acted as barristers, though whether they took fees for attending cases and then never came near the place, because they had something better to do, is not stated. Such advanced manners and customs are not unlikely to be the products of our modern civilisation.

The first regular collegiate chapter of the Heralds was held in A.D. 1420, at Rouen, and after that they became a corporate body. Then Heraldry began to look up, and the Heralds finding how good a thing it was, made a very close borough of it indeed. They thoroughly appreciated the virtue of keeping a good thing in the family—and did so.

Many and various were their duties: they had to regulate armorial bearings, that is, to see that nobody took anybody else's arms—which sounds uncomfortable, or as if people, like the late Miss Biffin, were born without them—to marshal processions—a duty now relegated to the police; to superintend ceremonies—also performed now-a-days, more or less efficiently, by Sir Edmund Henderson's myrmidons; to see that trials by battle were conducted with a due regard to the comfort and convenience of the combatants; [N.B.—In those happy times no one ever gave the "office" to the authorities with the view of stopping a "merry mill;"] to arrange tournaments, those excessively violent sports where the knights were

in the habit of killing one another just for the fun of the thing; and, finally, to bear messages of courtesy and defiance between royal personages and knights.

As this latter duty might under ordinary circumstances have proved a most awkward one, especially if the receiver of an unpleasant message happened to be of a choleric temperament, by common consent the persons of the Heralds were declared inviolable. This of course made matters comparatively comfortable for them, and they were thus enabled to deliver the rudest, not to say insulting, personal messages without any fear of the "Away-with-him-to-the-lowest-dungeon-beneath-the-moat" answer being given to them, or even of being kicked.

The Heralds also recorded the valiant acts of those who were killed in, and those who survived great battles, and thus proved extremely valuable to persons whose trumpets wanted blowing.

Another duty of the Heralds was to shout "Largesse!" whenever they thought there was a chance of anybody giving them anything, which apparently corresponded to the modern custom which prevails with the small boys who run by the side of omnibuses, turning cart-wheels to incite the generosity of city gents to "chuck us down a copper." Not that the Heralds did either ground or lofty tumbling; that was always left to the regular fool, of which each family then, as now, had always one.

Besides these duties, they had the right of picking up the gold and silver chipped off the armour of the knights in tournaments, a perquisite of sterling value, considering that the combatants were oftentimes



got up as regardless of expense as a spectacle piece at Drury Lane.

Also, the Heralds once in every generation, or at intervals of from twenty-five to forty years, had to make visitations or progresses through the country to see that nobody had been playing tricks with anybody's arms; when woe to the delinquent if discovered, pepper of the warmest description being provided by the Heralds for his especial delectation.

In the provincial towns, the Heralds were ordered by the Earl Marshal's warrant to enquire into the pedigrees of all families claiming the honour of gentry, and to enter their names, titles, and places of abode in a book. This custom only commenced regularly in 1528, when the monks in England who had previously been the chief keepers of genealogical facts retired from business generally in consequence of events not altogether unconnected with Henry VIII., Anna Boleyn, Queen Catherine, Cardinal Wolsey, the Pope, Luther, the Reformation, and other circumstances of a similar nature. Then, in order to prevent genealogies, arms, titles &c., becoming irretrievably mixed, these visitations were ordered, and the Heralds were appointed the sorters of the period.

Previously to the Reformation these progresses had now and then been made, and they were continued from the date above given until the reign of William and Mary. They were relinquished, however, in consequence of the large amount of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness they excited in the various counties visited; arms granted on these occasions being frequently found to be blazoned with bones of contention, and genealogical trees to produce apples of discord.

And now we come to the Heralds' College, a building situated at the present day in Queen Victoria Street, which is (the college not the street) the head-quarters of Heraldry, and where the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal of England, is the grand lama of the

science. After him, *longo intervallo*, come the Heralds, of whose manners, customs, rights, privileges and distinctions we will now discourse cheerfully but accurately.

Of Heralds there are three kinds: first, there are the Kings at Arms, who may be called the big boys of the school, or Heralds' College, and who are very extensive persons indeed. In England Garter King of Arms holds the highest rank. He was created to attend upon the Knights of the Garter, and originally we may suppose he had to provide and see to the fit of the article from which he takes his name. The distinguishing colour of Garter is blue, a colour he invariably assumed when he caught anyone transgressing the rules of the college over which he presided.

Garter must be an Englishman and a gentleman, words unhappily not always synonymous.

The next king at arms is Clarencieux, who was ordained by King Edward IV. upon his succession to the dukedom of Clarence at the death of his brother, whose bibulous proclivities caused him to seek his bier in a butt of Malmsey. The story goes that Edward, doubtless wishing to do the liberal thing by his relation, offered him his choice of deaths, and that Clarence elected to be drowned in the above liquor, which was privately done in the Tower. To our thinking the whole affair has about it considerably more of the public than the private.

Clarencieux's colour is purple, a delicate allusion to the juice of the grape, and he is the Heraldic authority on all questions in the English counties south of Trent.

After him comes Norroy, whose colour is also purple, and his authority extends over all the counties north of Trent.

Besides these kings there is also a Bath King of Arms, but as he does not belong to the Heraldic College, he may retire to the place whence he takes his name. He is quite a modern creation, having come into existence only in 1725, for the service

of the Knights of the Bath, when his duties probably are to see to the temperature of the water, and the presence of the necessary towels.

Next come the Heralds, who are six in number. Their names are Somerset, Chester, Windsor, Richmond, Lancaster and York, and they are supposed to be officially connected with the districts after which they are named. Properly speaking, therefore, whenever a fight comes off in any of the above named towns, the Herald of the place ought to be present to prevent the police from interfering. But now-a-days they neglect their duty sadly in this particular: not that we are altogether surprised, considering the exceedingly low ebb to which the "noble art" has sunk, and Heralds doubtless have with unheraldic persons an equal objection to blackened eyes, bad language and stolen watches.

Last of all come the Pursuivants or Novitiates, who are the lower boys of the science. Their names are fanciful, not to say comic. Rouge Dragon, which, translated into English, would seem to smack more of the public-house than the college; Portcullis, who, if his nature takes after his denomination, must often have been lowered in the eyes of the world; Blue Mantle, let us hope his mantle wasn't used to cover the mistakes he made; and Rouge Croix, who probably was the original bearer of the red cross banner we read of in the song of that name.

Scotland had only one King at Arms, Lyon, but an equal number of Heralds with England. Their names were Snowdon, Albany, Ross, Rothesay, Marchmont and Islay; the last-mentioned, among his other duties, having probably to provide his brethren with the celebrated whisky of that ilk. Scotland had one more Pursuivant than her southern neighbour,—viz., five.

These Caledonian Pursuivants rejoice in the appellations of Unicorn, (evidently the original animal who contended for the crown unsuccessfully, and after his defeat retired in disgust to a more northern

country, where, to console him, he was made a Pursuivant), Carrick, Kintyre, Ormond and Bute.

Ireland has only one King at Arms, Ulster ; and only two Heralds, Dublin and Cork ; also only two Pursuivants, Athlone and St. Patrick. The scantiness of the Hibernian Heraldic supply, is another instance of injustice to Ireland.

“What ho!” O’Gorman to the rescue!





CHAPTER III.

CONCERNING ARMS.



E will now enter upon the component parts of Heraldry, and first of all we must say a few words upon Arms generally. As we have already explained that Coats of Arms were originally invented to distinguish individuals in battle, or, to use a homely

phrase, to know t'other from which, it stands to reason that like all other coats they are of various kinds, and while some may be regarded as a kind of heraldic witney, others are only light armorial tweeds.

The varieties of Arms are ten: there are, it is true, several other kinds, such as arms of precision, (*vide* Snider, Martini-Henry, Mauser, &c., *passim*,) of chairs, of the sea, and of the human article; but these are not included in the heraldic list. Their names are as follows:—Arms of Dominion, Pretension, Concession,

Community, Patronage, Family, Alliance, Adoption, Succession and Assumption.

Arms of Dominion are those borne by sovereign princes and states, and are annexed to the empires and kingdoms they possess. Thus, if the proprietor of the Isle of Dogs were to throw off his allegiance to the Queen, and to raise the flag of independence in the hope of making it a paving stone on the road to freedom, the Arms of the new canine kingdom would be a perfect example of Arms of Dominion. Apropos of Arms of Dominion, we may mention that the Eagles borne in the national arms of Russia, Germany, and formerly of Poland, are said to have originated in the standards which the Germans took from the Roman General, Varus, A.D. 10. Like some other conquering heroes, Varus went forth to shear the Teutons, and got his own hair cut remarkably close in the process; so close in fact, that he left his Eagles behind him, and the Germans considering them far superior as standards to those they had in use, which were doubtless a good deal knocked about, adopted them. At the same time, the conquerors are said to have given one to each of their Sarmatian and Sclavonian allies, and hence the origin of the birds of prey in question.

Arms of Pretension may be regarded as a perfect instance of Heraldic impudence, which great kings, and little ones also when they get a chance, sometimes have the face to assume. These Arms are those of provinces, territories, or kingdoms, to which some claim is laid, and which the person so claiming adds to his own. That the territory in question may already have a man in possession, in the shape of a king or prince of its own, makes no difference, although of course he prevents, if he can, an execution for the claim being put in. These Arms can therefore only be borne by sovereigns and half-sovereigns; subjects, who represent human half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, and even smaller coin, are incapable of bearing them. For instance, if Bodgers of Brompton, who claims a seat on the half-past

nine o'clock omnibus, finds a stranger in his place, his taking the arms of the intruder, except for the purpose of ejecting him, would not hold good in Heraldry.

Arms of Concession are marks of honour for deeds done. They are generally small figures added to the sum total of the Coat of Arms. To illustrate this we will imagine that a favourite puppy of the Prince of Wales were to break his leg, and that the fracture were to be instantaneously reduced by a single application of Professor Swallerway's world-renowned ointment, it is probable that the same eminent mediciner would be allowed to assume a "duck quackant," or some other appropriate emblem of the esteem of his Royal Highness.

Arms of Community are those belonging to bishoprics, cities, universities, companies, and bodies corporate. Bodies incorporate are of course without Arms, so that Polytechnic ghosts, and the whole army of spirits called up by mediums, have no right to assume them.

Arms of Patronage are added by governors of provinces, lords of manors, patrons of benefices, and others, to their family Arms, as a token of their superiority, rights and jurisdiction. But this is not always the case. For instance, our own private Buttons, who is lord of several manners,—that towards ourselves, of whom he stands in awe; and that towards boys of his own size, or smaller, of whom he does not stand in fear,—would not on that account have the right to assume Arms of Patronage.

Arms of Family, or Paternal Arms, are those which belong to one particular family, and are handed down from father to son with the hereditary acres and the paternal gout. These serve to distinguish the family from any other, and it is criminal for anyone, not of the family, to assume them. Thus, if Miss Jones goes out walking arm in arm with Mr. Smith, while Mrs. S. is down at Margate with the children, this assumption of arms is clearly illegal,

as she, Miss J., does not, and cannot, while Mrs. S. is alive, belong to the family.

Arms of Alliance are only acquired by marriage, and more especially when that interesting event takes place with an heiress. But as, now-a-days, girls with money are gradually becoming scarcer, and it is much feared by the Zoological Society and other learned bodies, will soon be as extinct as the Dodo, or the Megatherium, Arms of Alliance are now but seldom used.

Arms of Adoption are those adopted by a stranger in blood, to fulfil the will of a testator. As a general rule, an estate accompanies this assumption, which may in fact be regarded as a golden lining to the coat the legatee is expected to put on.

Arms of Succession are acquired on succeeding to estates, either by will, entail, or donation. The assumption of this kind of Arms applies, however, only to estates, and not to gifts generally; so that if Brown bestows a punch on the head upon Robinson, the latter is not entitled to take the arms, although he may previously have assumed the fist of Brown.

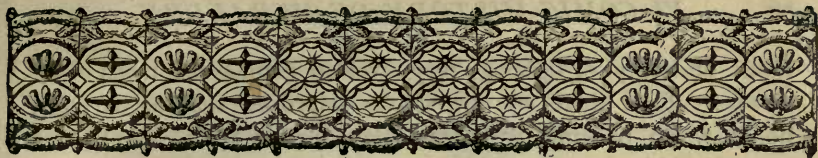
Last of all come Arms of Assumption, to which the assumers have no original title. These may only be assumed with the consent of the sovereign. Thus, the arms of a prisoner may be assumed by his captor: so that if Bill Sykes is caught making free with the plate basket of Joshua Toodles, vestryman and churchwarden, J. T. may, with the consent of Queen Victoria, take the jemy of B. S. and transmit it to his heirs as the sign of the prowess he displayed in the defence of his spoons. Apropos of Arms of Assumption, assuming them in former times was rather a ticklish thing to do. This fact was brought home with great clearness to the Duke of Norfolk, and his son the Earl of Surrey, in the reign of Henry VIII. They assumed his arms, and he their heads. "Exchange is no robbery," said the monarch with a cheerful laugh, as he ordered their execution. But,

somehow, the decapitated ones failed to appreciate the dry humour of the sovereign.

So very much depends upon the point of view from which jests are regarded, and Henry's jokes were not unfrequently of that exceedingly cutting nature—that the recipients, when, to add to their other misfortunes, they happened to be his wives, may be said to have quite lost their heads.

Thus much for ARMS.





CHAPTER IV.

OF THE SHIELD, OR ESCUTCHEON,



HAVING detailed the different varieties of Arms, and how each may be acquired, we next come to consider the Shield, or Escutcheon. With it, however, we do not intend to cover our own deficiencies, but shall boldly proceed on our poaching expedition on the peculiar field of the Heralds' College, though in our own manner. The science may be strictly preserved by Garter, Ulster and Co.; still in these free-trade times, we hope to find some game in it.

Shields are of many kinds, both in and out of Heraldry. First, there is the shield proper, used by ancient warriors, and on which their Arms were blazoned, and which, while tasting the *gaudia certa-*

minis, or honey of fighting, they avoided getting too much of the whacks. Then there are the shields improper, such as the copy books which peccant schoolboys place under their jackets and unmentionables, prior to being taught that extremely practical, if free translation, of the first line of the *Æneid*, viz., "*Arma virumque cano*,"—arms and the man (or boy) I cane. On this improper shield,



or rather on the skin beneath it, the blazon after the visitation is principally sable, gules, and azure. Again, when a wife sets down as "*sundries*" the sum spent out of the house money on a new dress, it may also be considered as a shield; also, perhaps, an improper one; and as we do not intend to have anything to do with what is improper, we will return to the first mentioned kind, and will no

longer stand shivering on the edge of the shield, but at once jump boldly into its middle.

In Heraldic language the shield is the ground upon which the Coat of Arms is blazoned or painted, and on which the achievements of the owner were not only symbolically depicted *couleur de rose*, but also in all the colours of the rainbow as well.

Originally, the devices were placed upon the buckler, but after a time finding that in battle, from the colours not being "*warranted fast*," they were very apt to get chipped off, or otherwise damaged, the knights had them painted on their banners instead; perhaps in the belief that a sight of the flag of their masters might have the effect of raising the flagging courage of their retainers, who in such moments became special retainers in their service.

Shields, like bonnets, were of various shapes; although, unlike modern bonnets, there was a good deal of them. In very ancient times they were shaped like a horse-shoe,—to typify, perhaps, the hammering they occasionally received,—or triangular. Sometimes, also, the shields were heptagonal, or with seven points. This shape must have been awkward to carry, as unless the bearer was very careful, the sharp points must have either run into his chin or penetrated his thigh, scarcely we should say an incentive to prowess on general principles.

Mark Antony, the triumvir, had one of this pattern; but as at the battle of Actium he very decidedly lost the game, to say nothing of such a trifle as his own life, the seven points of his shield were certainly not in his favour on that occasion.

Coming down, however, to more modern times, we find that the shields of Knights-bannerets were square, while those of priests were oval, but as these soldiers of the church militant, with some few exceptions, set far too high a value on their holy hides to risk them in so perilous an amusement as fighting, it did not much matter what shape were their shields.

Ladies, again, whose principal weapon of defence, and also offence, were and are their tongues, and who consequently had no real use for shields, nevertheless were provided by the Heralds with those articles in a lozenge shape, recalling to uninitiated minds the jujube of domestic life with great reality.

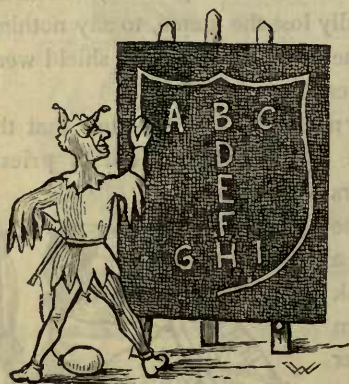
It now remains to us to describe the Heraldic Shield, or Escutcheon, as received at the present day; and, here, we must apologize to our



readers if, in order to make our subject intelligible, which is more than are all subjects of our gracious sovereign, especially after dining out, we sometimes light on ground so dry, that not even the most inveterate jester could moisten it with a single joke; but we will promise to go as swiftly over these arid plains as we possibly can; and, who knows, we may find a well of entertainment, out of which, however, we promise to throw no cold water over our disciples.

Ladies and gentlemen! this is the Heraldic Shield. Observe the

letters, which are literally the A B C of the science. Every one has its meaning, which is more than can be said of the letters of some people. A B C are the first we will meddle with, and these three are called "The Chief," but have no connexion either with Indian or Scottish chiefs. A is the dexter, or right chief; B is the precise middle chief, and C the sinister, or left chief. The last reminds one of an unpleasant Ojibbeway, with a taste for getting up in the middle



of the night and scalping his sleeping friends. Every school-boy will tell us that D follows C in the alphabet, and so it does also in the shield. It is called the "Honour Point." Next comes E, and this is the "Fess Point;" observe, also, it is the exact centre of the shield, and therefore, even when nicely pointed, can only be pretty middling. Then we have F, which is called the "Nombril," or "Navel Point;" and, last of all, there is G H and I, the dexter, middle, and sinister base points.

This concludes our description of the partition of the shield; and

we really don't see how we can say any more about it. However, having thus divided it, we shall now consider the style of articles to be placed upon it; their manners, customs, habitations, general style of appearance, failings, good qualities, and all the other distinct and wonderful peculiarities which characterise the Heraldic Escutcheon.

These are—but no—for further particulars, see next chapter.





CHAPTER V.

CONCERNING TINCTURES.



FIRST and foremost of the Heraldic decorations to be considered are the Tinctures or colours used in the blazon, or, as some frivolous writers term it, the blaze on the Shield or Escutcheon. Their number is nine: so that our readers may easily remember them by thinking of the days of the week and adding two to the total amount: but persons with strong memories have of course no need to resort to this weekly contrivance.

First comes "Or," or gold, and as gold may be said to hold the first place in all human affairs, we are not surprised to find it occupying a similar position in Heraldry.

Next comes "Argent," or silver: this is but natural, as every one would of course place silver after gold, and in fact when changing the first we generally obtain the second.

Thirdly we have "Gules," or red. From this tincture originated the term "Oh, Gules," or "Goles"—afterwards corrupted into the phrase "Oh, Golly!" This was first used by a knight of Heraldic proclivities on discovering that his nose was bleeding after the visitation of a mace upon that expressive feature. The terseness and general applicability of the phrase was at once recognised, and it was handed down to posterity.

Fourthly comes "Azure," or blue; which, though often met with on an escutcheon, is also sometimes to be found on the human countenance; as, for instance, when a man comes home at 2 a.m. and after dismissing his cab finds his latch-key lost and the household gone to bed.

Fifthly, "Sable," or black. This colour is to be recommended for the armorial bearings of abolitionists, and all those gentlemen who go in for the Am-I-not-a-man-and-a-brother business. Eyes, both artificial and natural, of the same colour are also not unfrequent. For choice we prefer the latter.

Sixthly, "Vert," or green. This colour is very prevalent in humanity generally, especially when young and inexperienced.

Seventhly, "Purpur," or purple, which we should say belongs



rather to feline than human heraldry, as cats must naturally be best acquainted with purr-purr.

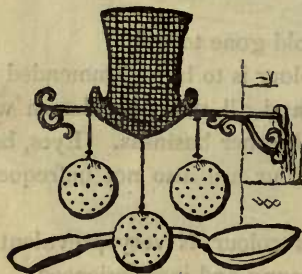
Eighthly, "Tenne," or orange, a colour reminding us more of dessert than of the dry study of Heraldry, though we hope to find some juice in it.

Lastly comes "Sanguine," or murrey, and this naturally brings us to ourselves, always sanguine of success and uncommonly murrey.

These last two colours were generally held to denote dishonour, and were therefore never used voluntarily by knights, so that where we now should expel a man from his club, or ceremoniously kick him downstairs, the mediæval gentry dabbed a daub of "Tenne" or "Sanguine," upon his shield, which answered the purpose equally well, and made him socially uncomfortable.

As, however, the Family Herald (his services as a rule cost the employer of them a pretty penny) when called upon suddenly to provide or blazon arms did not happen always to have a portable paint-box in the pocket of his tabard, it occurred to some original mind that it would not be a bad idea to depict the most frequently used colours in black and white.

The idea once started was instantly run to earth, or rather to the groundwork of the shield, and resulted in the following ingenious devices.



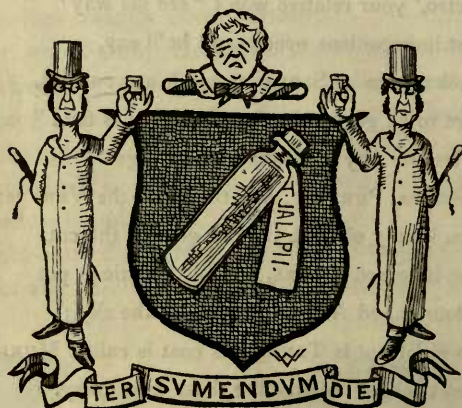
Considering the wild imagining of our Author in illustrating the Heraldic Tinctures, as reproduced in black and white, we think the least we can do for the sake of our readers is to explain them in verse. Cockneys may say that the lines are verse than useless—but then, cockneys will say anything. So here goes with—

THE TINCTURES.

OR, the first of the Tinctures, you'll own has its charms
 None the less that it's used for the Lombardy Arms,
 Where an uncle resides, who will tell you full soon,
 The value in ARGENT of each silver spoon.
 If 'Electro,' your relative won't "see his way"
 To assist impecunious need; and he'll say,
 With looks quite as SABLE, as black as your hat,
 "I'm not to be got at that way, and that's flat!"
 Then over the way is a hostel whose sign
 Is the Grapes, PURPURE, wreathed with the VERT leaves of vine:
 Will you kindly observe the old gent in the cut,
 His nose blazoned GULES, and his necktie is put
 In a colour called AZURE, the hue of the sky;
 And his waistcoat is TENNE, his coat is called MURREY,
 Now don't forget notions like these in a hurry.

Besides these tinctures there are others, including the *tinct-opii*, or mother's blessing, much patronised by the late lamented Mr. Daffy to still the voice of childhood, when indulging in the luxury of a nice scream: but as we object to kid-napping of all kinds, and this particular sort especially, we shall pass it by, merely observing that it has no connection with the subject in hand, and we must therefore decline to mix it in our Heraldic retort.

The metals and colours above mentioned are distinguished by some ancient Heralds by the names of the planets and precious stones, but modern Heralds plan it differently, and not only is the practice exploded, but the originators also have been considerably blown up.





CHAPTER VI.

OF FURS, &c.



FTER the Heraldic Tinctures come Furs, though why, except on the principle that tinctures are generally taken cold without, whereas furs, on the other hand, are generally warm within, we are unable to say. Furs are, therefore, to be found in Heraldry as well as Hudson's Bay, though it is a mistake to imagine that the beaver of the ancient knights had

anything to do with them, as that was a part of the helmet or casque,

so called from the various tappings it received, and to make a very obvious, though atrocious, pun, it was fur otherwise.

Furs may be divided into two kinds, "ermine" and "vair," the latter as a Scotch Herald, Sir George Mackenzie pertinently observes, "being vairry different from the former." These again, probably, on the principle that you cannot have too much of a good thing, are further subdivided, reminding us somewhat of an Irishman's farm before the landlord and the other encumbrances have been shot off the premises.

Ermine, heraldically described, is drawn on a "field argent, sable," or black on a silver ground, and consists of three black spots and tails to match, though who the inventor, or we should say author, of these tails may have been, is unknown; but the probability is, he was a bit of a wag, as the device bears as much resemblance to a real ermine as does a pair of boots to a methodist hymn. Each row of spots is called a "timber," but our readers would be a deal bored ere we should succeed in explaining how the name arose. The tails are denominated "muschetors," although the folly of eating mush, whatever it may be—and it don't sound nice—with a tail, is an absurdity that could only exist in Heraldry.



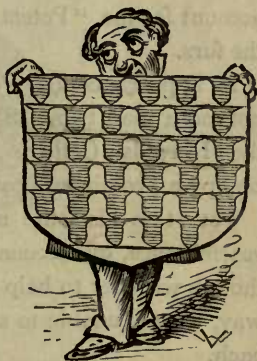
Ermine is a fur of great dignity, and only borne in the arms of royalty and nobility; from which we may infer that, should a commoner happen to catch an ermine running loose about Regent's Park, he must at once put it in his pocket, as he would not be of sufficient rank to bear it in his arms. By some writers the ermine is considered to be an emblem of purity, as it is said to prefer death to soiling its fur: all we can say on the subject, is, more fool the ermine; but the story, like the animal, to use the language of an ancient

writer, "won't wash," and so we will leave this "*ridiculus mus armenius*" beneath the mountains of lies which old chroniclers have laid upon it.

Next comes the Variations, 1. "Ermines," which are precisely the same as ermine, only different, for the field is sable and the spots and tails argent. 2. "Erminois," our old friend spots and tails again; but this time they appear in black upon a field or, or a gold field, where, however, there are no diggings. 3. "Pean," spots and tails in gold, on a sable field. 4. "Ermenites," the same as the original ermine, only with one black and two red tails. This ought to be used by literary aspirants, who could thus boast of possessing two read tales.

The second kind of fur "Vair," is represented by small skins in the shape of cups, and usually in six rows. Placing the cups in connexion with rows argues great knowledge of human nature, and shows that the Heralds were, after all, not such fools as they looked, whatever ribald jesters may think of their appearance now-a-days when, discarding the coat and waistcoat of private life, they burst upon the astonished gaze of the public as Y^e Herald of Y^e Olden Times.

To return, whoever, to our cups. They were depicted "on a field argent, azure." Some etymologists, from the skin rather resembling a wine glass, derive the word "vair" from the French "verre," but this glass throws a reflection upon our common sense if we place any credence in it; and we are, therefore, obliged to put our foot down on it at once. The word, however, is probably derived from the Latin "varius;" nevertheless, should any of our readers be discontented with this derivation, as



we have no desire to restrict their choice, they can suit themselves with any other they like to discover.

Vair has two variations ; 1. "Vair en Point," when the cups are placed downwards, instead of topsyturvy, as in vair; and 2, "Counter Vair," which is not connected with either prize-fighting or shopkeeping, but is, when the cups are placed base to base, a kind of double base, concerted by the band of Herald's.

In addition to the foregoing furs, there is another, which, though classed among them, has, properly, no right to occupy that position ; in fact, it is a species of Heraldic duckling, which has intruded itself into the fur chicken's nest. The plan upon which the inventors seem to have worked was this : when a new cognizance was discovered strikingly different from anything else that had appeared, not knowing where to place it, they put it at once among that class to which it bore the least resemblance. On no other principle can we account for the "Potent," as this cognizance is called, being among the furs.

In appearance the Potent resembles a gallows to accommodate not more than two. Should the professional Jack Ketch apply to the Herald's College for a coat of arms, this would, doubtless, occupy a prominent position on his shield.

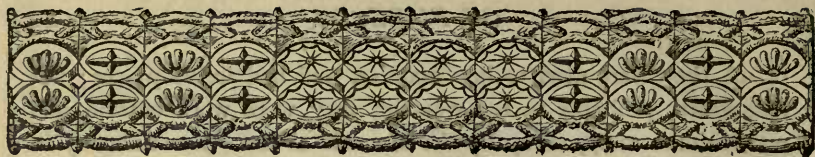
Potent is also the name for a crutch, to which this fur has a resemblance, on account of the power it bestows on its possessor, though whether to help him along, or to knock down enemies on the way, we are unable to state with any certainty—probably a little of each.

A variety of the Potent is the "Counter-Potence;" but as this is merely turning every other row of the gibbets upside down, we shall not keep our readers any longer in suspense on this gallows. Potents may be depicted of any two colours.

How furs came to be introduced into Heraldic cognizances, is, like many other things, very simple when you know all about it. First

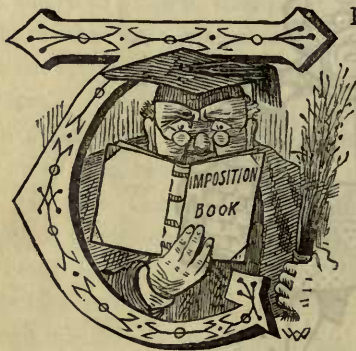
of all, they were used to line mantles, and had inside places; but afterwards, probably in hot weather, they were worn outside, and were at once snapped up by the Heralds as the "latest novelty in coats;" from which circumstance irreverent mockers of the science might be led to infer that, after all, Heralds were only tailors in an exclusive way of business, and a gaudy turn of mind, since they were always willing to make or find a coat, provided their own pockets were first well lined.





CHAPTER VII.

OF LINES.



THE next members of the Heraldic family we shall present to our readers are Lines. They are not many in number; and as they are very easy to remember, we will go at them with a will.

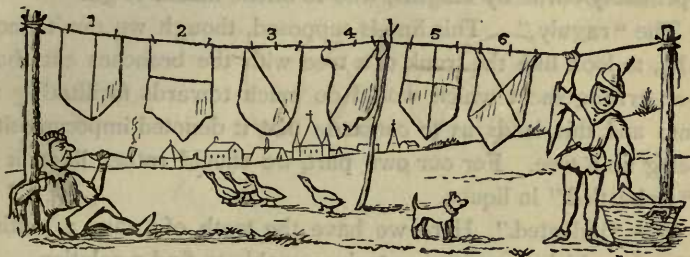
Lines are used to divide the shield into two or more parts, and, like mothers-in-law in families, they bring about their divisions in different ways.

1. First of all there is the "Party per Pale," which has not, as might be expected, any connection either with a housemaid, a whitewasher, or a milkman, all of whom are necessarily parties with pails, but is simply a straight line drawn through the shield from top to bottom.

2. "Party per Fess," a horizontal line across the shield.

3. "Parted per Bend," a diagonal line from right to left. This naturally reminds us of bowing to a departing acquaintance; while the next (4), "Parted per Bend Sinister," a diagonal line from left to

right, carries with it the same idea, as performed by a lawyer to a client against whom he is about to issue an immediate writ of execution for costs.



5. When the field is divided into four equal portions it is said to be quartered (traitors in olden times were served in a similar fashion and distributed as public ornaments, but we don't do that now, we have our public statues), but when by diagonal lines (6) forming a kind of St. Andrew's cross, it is said to be "parted by Saltire."

These divisions were made in order that several people's arms might be put in the same coat—an uncomfortable, not to say impossible arrangement, when applied to the garments of every-day life, but which Heralds made nothing of.

Besides the foregoing lines there are eight other varieties, exclusive of clothes lines, railway lines,—which latter sometimes prove imposition lines when they pay no dividend,—lines of argument, lines of defence, poetical lines, military lines, and hard lines.

1. The "invected," which consists of a series of semicircles turned downwards, and gives us the idea of a row of college puddings as purveyed at eating houses "*à la slap bang*."

2. The "engrailed," college puddings turned upside down.

3. The "wavy." Persons with very fertile imaginations can fancy this resembles the waves of the sea—we don't.

4. The "nebuly." As this line derives its name from the Latin

nebula, a cloud, we suppose it is so called from its fancied resemblance to one; all we can say is, that the likeness is simply missed.

5. The “embattled,” which represents battlements of a castle, and was probably borne by knights, who to battle meant to go.

6. The “raguly.” This line is supposed, though we don’t know who by, to look like the trunk of a tree with the branches cut short off—an arrangement which would do much towards facilitating an ascent; and this leads us to conclude that it denoted impecuniosity, or being up a tree. For our own part, we should rather liken it to the “embattled” in liquor.

7. The “indented.” Here we have the teeth of a saw, a cutting allusion for which we confess ourselves unable to find a solution.

8. The “dancetty.” The saw teeth again only blunted, and but three of them.

Which brings us to the end of the Lines, or perhaps it would be more correct to say to the Terminus; but they differ from those of a railway, inasmuch as there are no accidents upon them.

To change the subject we will now have a few differences, not of opinion, but of Blazonry.





CHAPTER VIII

OF DIFFERENCES.



DIFFERENCES, or Cadency, signify, in Heraldry, the distinguishing marks on an escutcheon, whereby various members of the same family might, by their shields, be known one from the other. Thus, in ancient times, if a rich uncle had two nephews, to one of whom he had promised something for himself, or

a sound thrashing, while to the other, something for his pocket, or a gold noble, and they both appeared before him with their beavers down, it would only be by the differences of their coat armour that he would be able to distinguish them; though, if the to-be-thrashed nephew were wise, the coat he would wear on the occasion would be a cut-away.

Ancient differences consisted of "bordures," which were, as their name denotes, borders placed round the interior of the shield, and

were simply used to distinguish the different branches of the same family; or to put it more familiarly, that the various branches of the family might be thus twigged.

Modern differences may be said to go to the root of the tree, and distinguish not only the branches, but even the boughs and leaves, or rather the various sons of the same father.



An eldest son bears a "file," or "label," for his distinguishing badge. Were it the fashion for young gentlemen of the present time to wear their coats of arms as general garments, the "label" would be particularly useful to mothers of families with marriageable daughters, and prevent any nonsensical flirtations with younger and less eligible sons. The "label" also might be still further utilized by inscribing thereon the exact amount of the prospective rent-roll, and whether, and how deeply, the property had been dipped. Used thus, the label would indeed be the ticket.

Son number two bears a "crescent." This seems strange at first, and can only be accounted for by supposing that second sons not unfrequently turned out regular Turks in their manners and customs: hence the emblem.

The third son takes as his badge a "mullet," on account, perhaps, of his prospects being, if anything, more fishy than his next elder brother. Not that the cognizance in question had anything to do with the sea, but is, as our readers will observe, a five-pointed

star. In fact, it is more than probable that it was called a mullet because that fish was, of all things in the world, what it least resembled.

A fourth son takes a "martlet" for his distinguishing cognizance. This is described by Dr. Johnson (*vide* that instructive if slightly arid work, his dictionary,) as a "small bird without legs, used in Heraldry."

An "annulet," or small ring, denotes a fifth son; a clear hint that his fortune lies in a ring, or, to reduce it to the roughly modern and material ideas, marrying a girl with money.

For son six, a "fleur-de-lys" is provided, though what the supposed connection between them may consist in, we are unable to say.

The seventh young gentleman of the family is distinguished by a "rose." As seven is always supposed to be a lucky number, this must mean that his path in life is destined to be a flowery one.

What in Heraldry is called a "cross-moline," decorates the escutcheon of number eight. If the cross signifies the bias of the temper of the bearer, it argues but badly for domestic comfort.

Last of all comes the "double quatre-foil," for the ninth son. And as the Heralds very properly considered that nine sons were enough for any man, however fond of children, to go on with, they made no provisions for any further additions to the family.

Besides these differences there are also "abatements," and "augmentations." They may be compared to the stripes for good and bad conduct we bestow upon our soldiers. Augmentations signifying the good conduct stripes borne upon the sleeve, and abatements the bad ditto, ditto, which are, as a rule, blazoned gules upon the back of the warrior.

Augmentations are additional charges borne on an escutcheon as marks of honour for services rendered to the sovereign. Thus, Her Majesty the Queen might, if she felt so inclined, and the Prime Minister didn't object, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer didn't think it would cost the country anything, grant to the family house-maid at Buckingham Palace the following augmentation in lieu of raising her wages "argent, a broom sweepant proper," for her services rendered in the domestic department of the palace.

"Abatements" are casual marks attached to coat armour, and denote some dishonourable action of the bearer.



Monarchs in the olden time, like their modern successors, had occasionally bad knights, and when that was the case the Heralds stepped in and did their best to abate them. As a rule, before abating a disreputable warrior, sovereigns not unfrequently cut off his head, and stuck it up on Temple Bar, or some other prominent public edifice, thus placing him at the head of the pole in a way that was certainly not the result of his own election.

As a public ornament, these heads were scarcely successes—but after all we ought not to throw stones at our ancestors for their want of taste. Have we not our public statues?

Abatements are of two sorts—"diminution, or reversing." Diminution is the blemishing some particular point of the shield by the tinctures, "sanguine," or "tenne," which we have mentioned in Chapter V., and which are regarded as stains. Reversing is when some cognizance on the shield is turned backward, or upside down. So Sneaker, caught in the act of annexing the pocket-handkerchief of Pumpkinson, churchwarden, ratepayer, and pork-butcher,—a big man and strong in the arms,—would, should Pumpkinson take the law into his own hands, receive an abatement

of his joy at the robbery, in the shape of the following heraldic diminution, "on a field (or face) argent, a nose sanguine." Or he might be seized by the irate Pumpkinson, and be turned backward to the police station—which would be reversing S.'s intention, which did certainly not tend to such a goal or gaol.

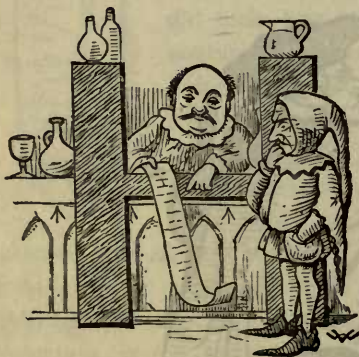
Now let us have no more differences—though we trust nobody has lost his temper over them, unless, indeed, the temper was a bad one, in which case we hope he has.





CHAPTER IX.

OF CHARGES AND ORDINARIES.



HAVING settled our differences, let us hope satisfactorily, we come next to what in common life often leads to them, especially when made by tradespeople, viz.:—Charges. These charges, however, must not be confounded with those made before a magistrate, or in a bill, nor yet with the prices paid to the Heralds for finding an

Heraldic coat. Sooner than such an imputation should be made upon them the English King of Arms would hang himself in his own garter; Lyon, the Scotch King, would bite off his own ear; and Ulster, the Irish ditto, would smother himself in his own Ulster coat.

Charges are the figures expressed on a coat of arms, and we will now proceed to add them up.

We must premise by saying that they consist of everything depictable (to coin a word) either in or on the earth, air or sea, besides a great many other things which never could, would, ought, might, or can be found anywhere but in the brains of the Heralds.

Having thus eased our minds in regard to them, readers will please take note that of charges there are six kinds. 1. Ordinaries, which have no connection either with the chaplain of Newgate, who is also an ordinary, or with tables-d'hôte every day at one and four. These ordinaries,—the Heraldic ones are entitled “honourable,”—to distinguish them from 2, the “Sub-ordinaries,” which anyone who was rash in jumping at conclusions would of course say were the dishonourable kind. The only objection to this would be that it was perfectly wrong, seeing that they are nothing of the sort.

Next comes number 3, “Common Charges,” which might again be supposed to include those of wife-beating, adulteration of food, conspiracy of directors of bogus companies, &c., which are very common now-a-days—only they don’t.

Four—Natural Figures. What these are, and are not, we will explain when we come to them—a promise we will also fulfil in re 5 and 6, Artificial and Chimerical Figures.

The honourable ordinaries are nine in number, in that resembling the muses, and if we can only make each of them amuse, the likeness will be still further carried out.

First of all we have, as might be expected, the “Chief.” This charge consists of a bar occupying the upper third of the shield.

Next we have the “Pale.” This charge takes up the third of the



shield perpendicularly, and would seem to be better adapted for the arms of a sickly girl than a stalwart knight. It has two diminutives—the “Pallet,” half the size of the pale, which is clearly intended for the cognizance of a painter, who would of course put his own colours on it; and the “Endorse,” half the size of the pallet, the bill broker’s own charge. One might naturally expect the renewal and the protest to follow; only, by some unaccountable omission, they are not included in Heraldry.

Thirdly comes the “Bend,” which consists of two diagonal lines from right to left. It has four diminutives—the “Bendlet,” the “Garter,” the “Cost,” and the “Ribbon.” By the association of the last two we might almost fancy that the Heralds, under the guise of their science, were slyly poking fun at the ladies.



Fourthly, the Bend Sinister. This is the same as the bend, only from left to right. It is usually, but not always, the Heraldic sign of illegitimacy, and has two diminutives,—the “Scarp,” and the “Baton,”—which latter smacks more of the Orchestra than Heraldry, and also strikingly suggests the policeman on duty.

Fifthly, the “Fess.” A bar occupying the middle third of the shield, over which we shall bolt to the Bar itself, which is the fifth ordinary, and only takes up a fifth of the escutcheon. This is never borne singly, and when there are five bars, the shield is said to be “blazoned barry,” which naturally calls to mind the Revalenta Arabica food, and perhaps the name was invented by some grateful Herald restored to health after years of “indescribable agony,” by the use of that much-vaunted condiment. The bar has two

diminutives, the "Barrulet," and the "Closet," which we shall now shut up, and proceed to.

The "Chevron," the seventh ordinary. This is in shape like a rafter used to support a roof, and hence is sometimes called the "Spar." For a fighting man in training this would be eminently adapted. The eighth ordinary is the "Cross." In Heraldry, as in life, there are various crosses :



but as advertising tradesmen say, none others are genuine but the plain cross, consisting of two bars, one horizontal and the other perpendicular. We therefore beg our readers to beware of all spurious imitations calling themselves ordinaries.

Last of all comes the "Saltier," which is neither more or less than a St. Andrew's cross, and is so called by both German and Scotch Heralds. The last-named gentlemen would, of course, lose no opportunity of glorifying the "Land of Cakes and of immortal Burns," and their proverbially canny character is shown by their seeking to obtain a larger measure of honour from the ordinary by bestowing it upon their own private and particular saint, thus making it, in fact, an extraordinary.



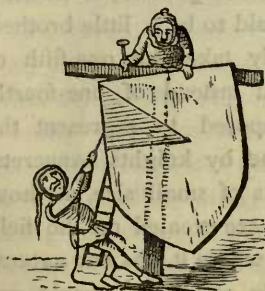
This ends the list of honourable ordinaries. In our next chapter we shall attack the Subordinaries, which may be regarded as a sort of Heraldic cuisine à la cookshop, in contradistinction to the more aristocratic food of the honourable ordinaries.





CHAPTER X.

OF SUB-ORDINARIES.



THE Sub-Ordinaries now claim our attention. These number in all fourteen, and, as they will form our present course, we will proceed to serve them up for the palates of our readers, making up by the sauce for the heaviness of the food. Heraldry is known, to be a dry subject; so, on the homœopathic principle that "like cures like," we will add a little chaff.

The first sub-ordinary we shall draw out and wave on our Heraldic banner is the "Gyron." This is formed by two lines, one drawn diagonally from one of the angles to the centre of the shield, meeting another straight line drawn from the same side: the whole giving us the idea that at first the inventor had intended to put a triangle into the escutcheon and had then thought better of it, and had only inserted half a one. When there are six, eight, or ten Gyrons in the field, the blazoning is said to be "gyronny," just on the principle that

boys term a pudding with more than the usual amount of plums a "plummy pudding."

Next comes the "Quarter," which, as its name denotes, occupies a fourth of the shield, and always in the "dexter chief," or, to reduce the Heraldic jargon to the language of common life, in the right-hand upper corner.

It is a plain square, as once was that of Leicester, but which now, thanks to a Baronial Grant, though not in China, is quite a flowery land.

And on we go again to the "Canton," which has nothing to do

with Switzerland; so our readers need not fancy that any "Merry Swiss boy" business is here going to be transacted. It exactly resembles the Quarter, of which it may be said to be a little brother, as it only takes up one-fifth of the shield instead of one-fourth. It is supposed to represent the flag borne by knights bannerets, which was of small size, as those knights were created on the field of battle, where it was but natural the supply of bunting would run



short, it being scarcely likely that a man would take some with him on the speculation that the cutting off the heads of his enemies would prove for him a short cut to glory.

Our next sub-ordinary is the "Fret," not that we intend to do so—quite the contrary. It is formed by two narrow bendlets, interlaced by a small square. Sometimes it is called the "Herald's true lover's knot," and we need scarcely mention the appropriateness of the connection between love and frets, which must, of course, be apparent to the meanest amorous capacity.

When the escutcheon is covered with these true lovers' knots, it is termed "fretty," and who would not be fretty at finding a number of such tokens in the possession of one party, especially if the belief had been cherished that only the knot of one beau, and that one yourself, had been preserved.

Fifthly comes the "Pile," which is in shape like a long narrow wedge, and must have been invented by a Herald of destructive proclivities trying to split a shield by driving a wedge therein, but failing and leaving the wedge in disgust, christened it an ordinary. It exactly represents a pile upon which bridges are built; nor can we be surprised at this, for Heralds invariably had an arch way with them.

To proceed, we have the "Orle," which may, of course, be all our fancy painted it, and a lot more besides, but is a kind of inner border within the shield. A good notion of this ordinary may be obtained by taking two hats, one a large size and the other considerably smaller, cutting off the brims and placing one within the other; flatten both to the required shape, and there you have the Orle. We should advise the experimentalist not, for obvious reasons, to use his own property for the trial.

After the Orle comes the "Tressure," a neat article of the same kind, but only half the width of that charge. When we have said that we have not, however, said everything thereanent. It is generally borne double, or one within the other; so that when a Herald had more than one, he was able to act on the advice given to unskilful horsemen, and make the Tressure get inside. The



Tressure is ornamented with *fleur de lys*, that is to say those flowers are placed on the sides, reminding us somewhat of the sprigs of holly stuck about a Christmas pudding.

This bearing forms a part of the arms of Scotland; the legs of Scotland, especially the Highland legs, having a baring of a different kind, and as a rule gravitating towards England. It was granted by Charlemagne to Achaius, the then king of the country, as a present of honour. For our own part, we should prefer a present of game to any such unsubstantial gift, but in those times the smallest honorial donation was thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged.

The "Flanches" come next. They are formed by two curved lines nearly meeting in the centre of the escutcheon. To give a receipt for making them in the style of that mirror of cookery, Mrs. Glasse, we should say: first catch your shield—a plain one is best—on which no Heraldic cookery has been performed. Draw two circles, cut a slice off each and place at opposite sides within the shield. Serve up as wanted. Of this sub-ordinary there are two diminutives, "Flasques" and



"Voiders." The former of these would seem to have some connection with drinking, and doubtless Heralds, like other men, had no objection to moisten their Heraldic clays. Voiders, again, clearly relate to the same subject; being smaller than flasques, may be taken to typify glasses when voider or emptier than they were when filled.

We now come to the "Lozenge," a sub-ordinary exactly represented by a jujube. Visions of anti-pertussents rise before us as we take this charge out of the Heraldic coffer. The Lozenge may be of any size, either filling up the whole of the shield, like two fat women in a small Hansom, or only just appearing at the corner of the shield,

like one small passenger in a three-horse omnibus. When the shield is crossed by diagonal lines, it is called "lozengy," a good idea of which may be formed by thinking of the open-work jam tarts of childhood.

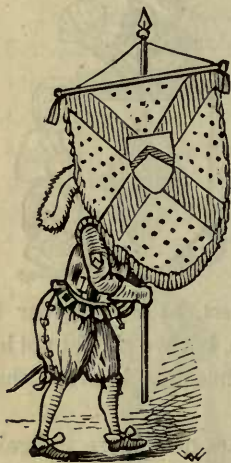
The "Fusil" is narrower and longer than the "Lozenge," and gives us the notion of a partially-sucked and pulled-out-lengthways lozenge. It is also called the "Spindle," from its supposed resemblance to that ancient housewifely instrument. Anyone who can see the resemblance is perfectly welcome to do so, though for our own part we shall not spin a yarn upon the subject, as we consider it needle-less. A fusil is also a light kind of gun, but we should not hit the mark if we imagined there was any connection between that weapon and the sub-ordinary in question.



In the "Rustre," our friend the jujube appears once more. Again referring to the Heraldic cookery book, we find the following directions: take a lozenge, punch a hole in the middle, place in centre of the shield, garnish with what you please, or serve up plain or according to taste. At least, if you don't, we have given you the means of making a very good substitute.

The "Mascle" derives its name from *macula*, the mesh of a net. Though the derivation is somewhat fishy, yet we hope our readers will not carp at our description. Still, if we should flounder at this place, our sole desire is to give a friendly lift or hoister to every man jack into the science of Heraldry. Not yet are we free of the Lozenge, for the Mascle is another connection of this cough-no-more ordinary. It is, however, a mere frame lozenge-shaped, or, as the Heralds would express it, a "lozenge voided." Our own ideas on the subject correspond exactly with the scientific description, for we have held, ever since the days of infancy, when peppermint specimens of the

article invariably followed senna tea, that lozenges of all sorts are things specially to be avoided.



Next comes the "Inescutcheon." This is merely, as the name denotes, a small shield inside a larger one, and, like the result of many races, is a case of an outsider coming in.

We come now to the last sub-ordinary, the "Guttes," a name vulgarly and unpleasantly suggestive of the internal economy of the human and other bodies. Some Heralds do not class this charge among the sub-ordinaries at all, but we intend to be more liberal. The word is derived from "goutte," a drop, and we may at once state that it has no connection either with capital punishment, the Old Bailey, or Mr. Marwood.

Gutties are small round spots borne on the shield, and when they are placed at equal distances over the whole of the shield, giving it somewhat the appearance of having been suddenly taken ill with some cutaneous disorder, the cognizance is called "guty."

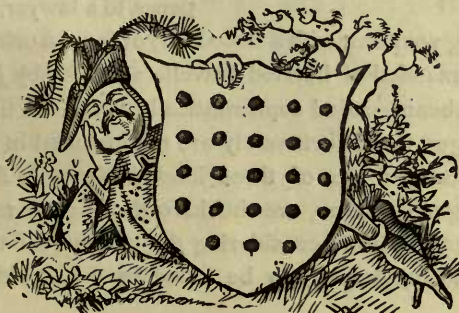
As in common life there are drops of different kinds,—for instance, drops of comfort, drops of brandy, and drops in life,—so also in Heraldry Guttes or drops differ. When the Guttes are gold colour, the shield is said to be "guty d'or." We should prefer, however, a bucketfull, or, why not say a hogshead while we are about it, instead of a few drops of gold. When white it is called "guty d'eau," or water colour. This has a very washy sound, and calls to mind Sir Wilfrid Lawson and teetotallers, a class of people who ought to be the happiest in the world, since, according to their own accounts, they are never given to whine, which perhaps accounts for the unsteady

gait of the sons of temperance after their annual festivals at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere.

When the drops are red, they are said to be *de sang*, or of blood, which suggests cut fingers, and sticking plaister that never sticks. When blue they are said to be *de larmes*, or of tears. This notion is too ridiculous. Who, beside a Herald, ever heard of blue tears? That people may look blue is possible: we ourselves have done so at times, notably when expecting a remittance from our country estate and receiving a County Court summons from our discontented tailor instead. But blue tears. Never!

When the "Guttes" are black, they are called *de poix*, or pea colour. Again we demur to this description. Mellow pears are all very well; green peas when young are like young ladies, nice;—peas-pudding not perhaps tempting, but decidedly cheap, and oh! so filling—all these we have heard of and even know; but black peas argue a degree of nastiness, not to say putridity, that would turn the stomach of a rhinoceros. We are really surprised at meeting with such unpleasantness among the Heralds.

Finally, when green, the "Guttes" are *d'huile*, or olive-oil colour. This definition clearly originated with some King-at-arms, who had a predominant taste for salad. Still, as we are strong, so will we be merciful, and he shall receive no dressing on that account. And this concludes the Sub-Ordinaries.





CHAPTER XI.

OF COMMON CHARGES.



HAVING had our fill of Heraldic food at the Ordinaries and Sub-Ordinaries, we shall, so to say, take our dessert off the "Common Charges." Amongst these we might class, the six-pences or shillings, over and above their fares, demanded by, and frequently paid to cabmen; the six-and-eight-pence to a lawyer, for informing

you that curling your hair with a boiled carrot is not a criminal offence; the shilling demanded of hurried travellers at Mugby Junction for a *purée* of horsebeans, called euphemistically soup: all these are very common charges, but unfortunately are not included in Heraldry.

Common Charges are of three kinds: Natural, Artificial, and Chimerical Figures. Thus, we should call a figure representing a donkey as strictly natural, considering the number of those animals (both biped and quadruped) to be found in the world; one repre-

senting a wig as decidedly artificial, since we are not aware that any man, woman, or child in a state of nature has yet been discovered with a foreign hair-apparent to his crown; and one representing a lawyer's conscience—could such a charge be invented—as very chimerical, since we never heard of such a thing existing in real life?

To commence, however, with the Natural Figures. They consist of everything in general and most things in particular, and comprise birds, beasts, men (which of course includes women), fishes, insects, infusoria, and other rudimentary animalculæ. Anything, in fact, that might or could have life.

The objects—and when we see the unpleasant not to say absurd positions in which some of them are placed by the Heralds we may indeed call them so—which constitute the terrestrial figures are represented either whole or like serial publications, in parts. When in the latter, they appear cut up, and seem acutely to feel the joint-stock element and unnatural combination introduced into their portrayal.

There are also a variety of Heraldic phrases descriptive of the different positions assumed, which we shall enumerate and explain, in order that readers may not break their mental shins over them in future researches into the science.

Heraldry has a language—some call it jargon, but they are ill-natured—of its own, and anyone guilty of using an incorrect phrase in describing the cognizances or blazon of a shield, is regarded by Garter and Co. as an utter barbarian, with whom no Herald of any self-respect can have dealings. In fact, as a rule, Heraldic mis-descriptions grate to such an extent upon the ear of the Tabard wearers that they long for, and would have—were it not that the act might lead them to visit the stately halls of the Ancient Bailey, and subsequent introduction to Marwood—the blood of the offender. Under the circumstances, therefore, they don't get the liquid in question. And now to arm our readers against any possibility of incurring the Heraldic vengeance.



The colour of the hair in men, including women, is described by the word "crined." Thus a lady with hair of a carrotty or fashionable colour would be Heraldically termed "crined gules." If a cockney, however, were to ask if his sheets were "crined," instead of haired, the phrase would be incorrect. As a rule, it may be taken that Heraldic expressions fit badly in domestic life, and are liable to cause him or her using them to be looked upon as a dangerous lunatic. Still our readers may try for themselves; but if ill consequences follow, we accept no blame for the results.



"Couchant"—denotes lying down, though you could hardly say a false witness was couchant because he was, when giving evidence, lying downily.

When an animal is couchant the head is raised, and an artfully expectant look may generally be observed in his or her eye, also an expression, which says, as plainly as possible, "If you come within reach of my paws or teeth, your family will go into mourning, but

they needn't worry about the corpse."



"Dormant"—sleeping. This description applies to men (again including women), and beasts, as they

are frequently to be seen on the Heraldic shield with a nod appearance.

The "dormant" animal is distinguished from the couchant by having his head resting on his paws, and his tail coiled up along side him, so as to prevent people treading on it. A peaceful calm

pervades his countenance, and thoughts of that last Hindoo *au naturel* which formed his supper, evidently give a gentle zest to his well-earned slumbers.

"Regardant"—a man or beast steadily looking at nothing. This description of figure is frequently found in connection with lions, bears, stags, bulls [N.B.—No connection with Capel Court], and other animals not possessed of human impudence enough to take a sight at anything.

"Statant," standing upright. Persons fond of seeking eleemosynary drinks can vary their usual invocation of "What are you going to stand?" with "Will you be statant?" The British Lion often has to stand a good deal. Instance, the Alabama award. Still, "We don't want to fight, but by jingo," &c.

"Rampant"—rearing. Lions are often seen indulging in this unseemly pastime on the Heraldic field, and, like a bad tenant with his landlord, are frequently in arrears. Under these circumstances, it is the landlord who becomes rampant, and makes things lively for the tenant, by sending him a visitor in the shape of a man in possession, who is not usually a welcome guest.



"Sejant"—sitting. This position would most probably be used to describe a Member of Parliament, or a hen—both do a quantity



of cackling—or any other abnormal animal whose principal employment is to sit. It is an eminently peaceful position, and one much used by humanity generally when not walking, standing, or lying. Not but what we have known people who could lie sitting just as well as standing, if not better, but then they had talents for

mendacity, which we are certain are wanting to all readers of this work. At least we hope so, although sometimes in the stillness of the night doubts will arise even on that point.

"Current,"—which has no connection with tarts, but means running,—is generally found



associated with stags and dogs in Heraldry; out of it, bills have also that peculiarity.

Fraudulent bankrupts have also been known to be current, especially if their creditors were after them. As a rule, how-

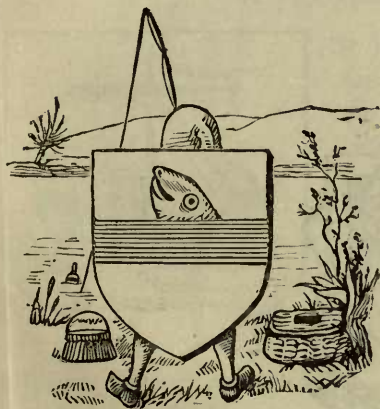
ever, the criminal law has a tendency to disapprove of their funny way of running on.

Money also, both good and bad, is current. We prefer the former, and as much of it as possible. No reduction made on taking a quantity.

“Salient” leaping—applied to lions and tigers, who, like flowers, often appear in the spring. Not that the time of year makes the slightest difference to them. As a rule, a lion or a tiger is a creature quite devoid of prejudice, and is as ready to eat you in the summer, autumn, or winter, as in the spring. The high jump at an athletic meeting is also a salient subject for the persons who compete.



“Nascent”—rising out of the midst of an ordinary; thus a grog-blossom rising out of the midst of a nose would be so described, though we are not aware of any family which bears that peculiar flower as a portion of its cognizance, though what says the Bard of Erin,—



“It’s a nose tree in full bearing.”

But no Moore upon that head.

Counter

Counter—current; two animals, human or otherwise, running in opposite directions. In common life we often see this peculiarity; for instance, one man will run into £10,000 a year, and another into the workhouse: one man on to the bench, and another into the dock. But there, we might continue our illustrations from here to the middle of next year, were it convenient; but as it is not, we shall, like the old preachers, proceed to our—

Lastly, we have “Issuant,” which denotes anything coming out of

the top or bottom of an ordinary. As an example, we might take the speeches of many public characters which frequently issue from the mouths of very ordinary men indeed.

There are many other descriptive terms, but the above are the chief ones. Anyone can manufacture them to order by simply adding the syllable "ant" to the descriptive word, thus:—

"Smokant," "kickant," "hookant," "smilant," "drunkant," &c., &c.; and so, as the showman says, "on we go again, my little dears, up and down, in and out, and all round the show," to the next chapter.





CHAPTER XII.

OF ARTIFICIAL FIGURES.



THE next selection of Heraldic articles we shall present to our readers are the Artificial Figures, and though, as a rule, we object to artifices of all kinds, yet in Heraldry we have to do violence to our feelings and deal with them.

Artificial figures are of various kinds. There is our maiden aunt, whose money we hope to inherit some day, and who, under the circumstances,

displays a tenacity of life which is positively dishonest; we reckon her as an absolutely artificial figure when we contemplate her false teeth, hair, eyebrows, and padding in proportion. Modesty, of which we have an overwhelming quantity, forbids us even to guess to what extent the latter adjunct to beauty obtains with her, though we have a suspicion, we might almost say a certainty, that were that aged damsel to appear as nature made her, she would not only be unrecognizable, but also in danger of being disposed of on the spot for old bones.

Another class of artificial figures we frequently read of are those used by accountants of public companies to delude the unfortunate shareholders into a belief of prosperity, whereas the winding-up process is what they properly require. And here we would make a digression in reference to public companies. And at the same time we would just throw out a conundrum for the benefit of those of our readers who may be desirous of reproducing it in select society, or in quires and places where they sing, or anywhere else where they think it would fit in well. It is this:—What is the difference between a public company and a watch?

Do you give it up—Gentle Reader? * You do! We see it in your expressive eye—your mind's eye. Mark ye! List, list—oh, list!

The company stops by winding up—the watch goes on.

Go—on—ahead.

Neither of these kinds of artificial figures, however prevalent in real



life, are found in Heraldry, but instead of them we have, as might be expected, swords, which are said sometimes to be "erect" or "pommelled:" the non-Heraldic mind would naturally suppose that when it came to a rough-and-tumble fight the men and not the swords were pommelled. Occasionally, also, they are "hilted," the hilt thus forming a handle, enabling us to grasp the fact. Sometimes arrows appeared as charges, which of course afforded shafts for ridicule and rudimen-

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tary jokes about an arrow mind. They were said to be "armed" or "feathered," according as they appeared pointed or otherwise.

Gauntlets, battle-axes, spears, battering-rams, and pole-axes we simply mention, declining to be struck by them.

Next we come to the Ornamental Figures in contradistinction to the useful, which latter are but seldom to be found in Heraldry. Among the Ornamental Figures are Crowns and Coronets, which belong to the arms, though we might more properly say to the heads, of kings and lords.

Bishops, again, display the might of the Church by bearing a mitre; nor have we any right to throw doubt on the validity of the episcopal appointment by saying of one of those clerical peers that he is a bishop with a hook, because in his arms appears a pastoral crook.

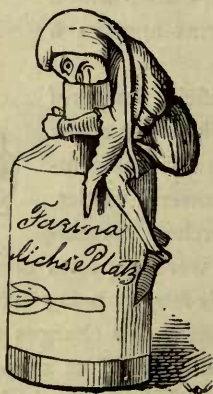
In addition to these artificial flowers of Heraldry, we must also take down a few bricks from architecture to serve as common charges, such as towers, castles, arches, battlements, churches, portcullises, &c., &c. These last were a species of addition to castle gates, which kept out invaders *in toto*, by being dropped upon their toes.

Navigation also furnishes a few charges to Heralds as well as to underwriters of the present day. Thus sailors who have to see fair and also foul weather on the briny deep, had ships assigned to them, and anchors. These last are also emblems of hope; though why, except it be to denote that what we hope for is often obtained by a fluke, we are unable to state with any certainty.

To recount, however, all the artificial figures which are or may be used in Heraldry would be a perfectly endless task, seeing that the list may be made to comprise vegetables, snuff-boxes, flowers, jam-



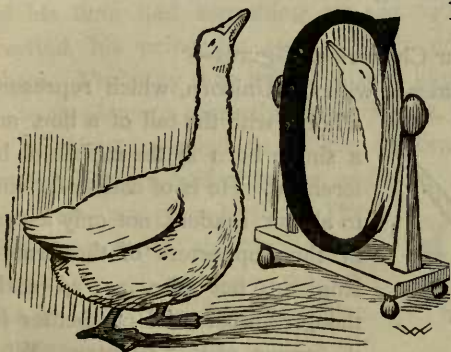
pots, boot-jacks, compound rhubarb pills, steam-engines, pickled walnuts, garden-rollers, patent knife-cleaning machines, violins, batter puddings, balloons, tinder boxes, stewed oysters, baby jumpers, dress improvers, hot sausages, 81-ton guns, Revalenta Arabica, opera boxes, eye-openers, post-cards from Mr. Gladstone, blacking bottles, and in fact anything which the hand of man is able to fabricate or his head to imagine.





CHAPTER XIII.

OF CHIMERICAL FIGURES.



HIMERICAL Figures are the last and most ancient kind of charge to be found in Heraldry, and represent a variety of figures which never did, can, will, shall, might, could, or should exist in any zoological collection in the whole world.

Chimerical animals are a sort of Heraldic half-and-half, being generally compounded of half of one animal and the rest from another quite different, with very often a dash of a third, just to make the mixture more mixed, and confusion worse confounded. In fact, when in a Chimerical frame of mind, the Heralds as often as they got hold of an animal or two to serve up in their Heraldic dishes, invariably made a hash of them.

With the exception of Griffons, Martlets and Unicorns, these figures

are of foreign origin, a great number coming over with the conquering hero William the First; that French "Bill," which our Saxon forefathers were compelled to accept at sight, and on his own demand. The bland way in which the conquering hero walked first into England, and then into the English, including most of their possessions, was a thing to be remembered by the sufferers. In fact they did remember it—those who were left—especially when they saw the Norman intruders taking possession of their Saxon estates with an open handed freedom that, however enjoyable to the takers, was less so to the takees. Still, let bygones be bygones; and far be it from us to rake up old grievances, especially since, so far as he knows, the author did not suffer by them to any great extent. Perhaps his not having been born at that time had something to do with this fact.

Anyhow, to return to our Chimerical Figures—

First of all we will commence with the Unicorn, which represents a horse with the tail of a lion, and a single horn in the middle of his forehead. He is of course familiar to all our readers, not only as one of the Supporters of the Arms of England, but also as an early, though unsuccessful competitor for the crown of this country. What he would have done with it had he obtained it, history does not say; in fact, with all due deference to the legend in question, we fear we must relegate it to the category



of things which never happened. Anyway, looking at the present shape of the head-piece in question it would have had to be considerably altered before it would have fitted his peculiar con-

formation of head; but as he did not get it, but only a thrashing instead, it is perhaps useless to speculate upon the contingency. Speculation so often leads to trouble: ah! woe is me—why did I buy those Spanish bonds?

“Martlets,” which, as we have already observed in a former chapter, were small legless birds, formed part of the arms of Edward the Confessor, and were probably borne by him to denote that, by never confessing anything, he was determined never to put his foot into any trouble. Sharp fellow, Ned, though it is probable that the clerical gentlemen of his time had something to say to him on the subject if he carried his principles out in their entirety when dealing with them. Probably they talked to him like Dutch uncles; or, perhaps—to speak more correctly—holy fathers.



“Griffons” remind us of the celebrated American warrior, who was half horse, half alligator, and the rest snapping turtle. They are composed of the head, wings, and talons of an eagle, with the hinder part of a lion; thus presenting an appearance which would lead irreverent thinkers to remark that, did such an animal exist, the fore part of his body would be a bird-un indeed. As a mixture to be taken at bedtime they must, we should say, be slightly conducive to nightmare; but still, compared with some of the Heraldic animals which were of the most dreadful, not to say ferocious description, they must have been rather soothing than otherwise.





A "Sagittary" is the same as the zoological figure of that name, and represents a being half human and half horse, and armed with an arrow and a bended bow. He would be a useful sort of creature at an archery meeting, but anywhere else we do not see that much could be done with him. As our proclivities are not toxophilite we don't seem to hanker much after a Sagittary, at least not for private consumption.

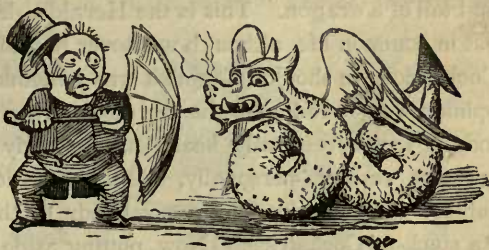
A "Pegasus" is a horse again; this time, however, with wings. This Charge forms the arms of the Society of the Middle Temple.



Belonging, as it thus does, to lawyers, it is most apposite, and signifies that whoever has anything to do with the law, will find his money not only disappear as fast as a horse can gallop, but like a horse and fly too.

A "Dragon" is a serpent with wings. Dragons form the supporters of the arms of the City of London; but this we regard as a mistake, since it is perfectly certain that the chief supporters of the civic powers are venison and clear turtle. Students of

fabulous history may also remember that it was with an animal of this class that St. George of England had an unsatisfactory interview; unsatisfactory, that is, from the dragon's point of view.



A "Salamander" is a beast somewhat resembling a lizard, and is always represented in flames, so that, when wanted, he had always to be called over the coals.

In that respect he was like the "Phoenix," which is an eagle with gaudy plumage, sitting on a blazing nest. The vulgar saying of "going to blazes," probably originated with the last-named bird, which tradition asserts was in the habit of burning itself periodically, whereby it regained its youth—coming out of the operation like an old coat under the skilful hands of a Jew trader, as good as new and a great deal better.

A "Cannet" was a duck without beak or feet. The name arose from the astonishment of those persons who first saw it, and who naturally asked "what can it mean?" The answer given is not known, but let us hope the enquirer had his head punched.

Next we come to the "Harpy." This creature is half a woman and half a bird, the upper part thus resembling one of the fair and the lower part one of the fowl.

The "Cockatrice" has the head and feet of a cock, with the wings



and tail of a dragon. This is the Heraldic description of the animal ; but in common life, although we never had the pleasure of meeting a Cockatrice, we should imagine it was something quite different. This opinion we ground upon the fact that, when a young man living in lodgings, we frequently heard our landlady (for whom we had the greatest respect personally, despite occasional differences on the subject of rent,) describe a rival lady of the same persuasion, as "a stuck-up Cockatrice." Now, putting aside the epithet "stuck-up," which may be regarded as irrelevant to the question before us, the person thus described was a little woman of the meekest nature, with a constant determination of water to the eyes, whereby the hearts of the most obdurate non-paying lodgers were softened. Moreover, she had nothing of the dragon about her except the long tale, to which she treated the inmates of her house, when on rent-collecting thoughts intent. Therefore, we have since come to the conclusion that the epithet "Cockatrice," domestically, means somebody more successful than the person using the term. Any of our readers who may be able to elucidate this abstruse point, are requested to send (under cover to our publisher) their notions on the subject, accompanied by a dozen of champagne (Cliquot or Mumm's preferred) to moisten the dryness of the subject. On second thoughts our readers need only send the "fiz," and can keep their notions until we ask for them.

The "Mantiger" is a creature of a more than usually composite order, since it has the face of a man, the mane of a lion, the body of a tiger, and two straight horns; an amalgamation, the peculiar ugliness of which would entitle the creature to be distinguished as what garroters call the "nasty man" of the Heraldic party.

Then we have the "Triton," a mixture of man and fish, the upper part being human, while instead of understandings to match, it is forced to be contented with the continuation of a tail—a decidedly scaly ending.

The "Mermaid" is a "triton" of the feminine gender, and is generally represented with a mirror and a comb. These adjuncts are of course intended as gentle allusions to the natural vanity of the sex; whereby they were always able to see a good looking lass whenever they felt inclined.



The "Wyvern" is a dragon with two legs, the common dragon not possessing those useful articles of locomotion. It might, therefore, be described as of the species "Walker," not that we wish to throw any doubt upon the reality of the Heraldic existence of this most delightful animal.

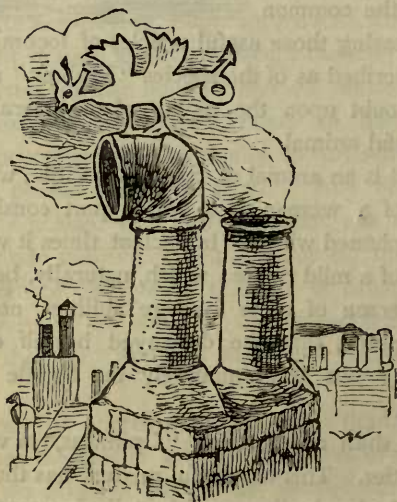
The "Sphinx" is an animal of Egyptian origin, with the head and upper portion of a woman; the lower part consisting of a lion, with two broad plumed wings. In ancient times it was celebrated as the propounder of a mild riddle; which, naturally, being immediately guessed by a person of quite average abilities, named Œdipus, so disgusted the Sphinx, that she destroyed herself on the spot; an allegory pointing out how intuitively the female mind objects to being found out.

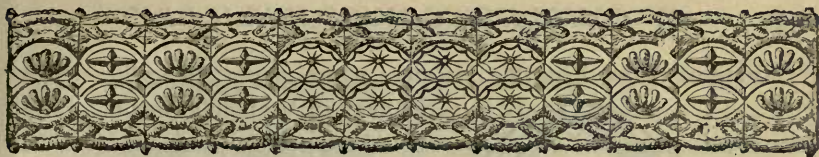
Last of all we shall mention the "Opimicus," a very neat thing in Heraldic curiosities. This wonderful mixture has the head and wings of an eagle, the body of a lion, and the tail of a camel; a combination which, were it possible to be realized, would beat the celebrated woolly horse of Phineas T. Barnum into fits.

With this creature we shall conclude our notice of the Chimerical Charges. There are many more, but those we have described will show the style of article used. Anyone, however, who may be

desirous of making one for himself, can, as we have already observed, easily do so by sticking the head of one animal on to the body of another, and adding a tail from a third.

The amusement can be continued *ad infinitum*—the mixture, as before, being the sole rule of action under the circumstances.





CHAPTER XIV.

OF HELMETS AND OTHER WONDERFUL THINGS.



THE Heraldic Shield, like the House of Commons, has two sides—an inside and an outside. Having now exhausted the list of the principal articles to be found inside the shield, we will proceed to treat of those external articles,—which, like other mysterious puzzles, are to be found out.

Of these external ornaments, the principal are helmets, crowns, half-crowns or coronets, wreaths, crests, mitres, scrolls, supporters and mottoes,

First of all, we have the Helmet; which, appertaining literally to



the head of the family, was naturally a most important item in the Heraldic system. The helmet was always placed on the top of the shield, and varied according to the rank of the owner. That belonging to the king is of gold, which is naturally the correct material for a sovereign. It is full-faced and open, with six bars. Considering the very few bars formerly

placed upon the actions of kings, and great men generally, those on the helmet clearly derived their origin from the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. A ducal helmet is of steel, and defended with five gold bars: from which we may note that, like publicans, both kings and dukes were always to be found behind their bars.

The helmet of a baronet or knight is also of steel, full-faced, the visor up, and without bars; their countenances being thus totally uncovered it may naturally be inferred that this class of warriors were a decidedly barefaced lot. Esquires and gentlemen have also steel helmets with the visor down, ornamented with gold, and placed in profile, the faces in this instance being concealed: this class was probably more modest than the former, apt to turn aside, and easily shut up, if, at any rate, they followed the examples of their visors.

On a well-regulated coat of arms, a crown, coronet, or wreath invariably surmounted the helmet. Crowns, of course, belong to kings—though sometimes we have had them, or their equivalent in shillings, in our possession; but unluckily they never stay long.

The first crowns were simply bands or fillets, which latter word reminds us naturally of butchers' meat; and considering they were not unfrequently bestowed upon those who had benefited the common weal or veal, the connection is not so remote as at first

sight might appear. Afterwards, they were composed of branches of various trees, which shows that ideas about that time began to sprout, though, to modern minds, the notion of a wooden crown would only be suitable to persons possessing a head of a similar texture. Next, flowers were added to the crown, so that a conquering hero in the middle ages must have presented an absurd mixture of the warrior and the nursery gardener combined.

To pass, however, to more known times. Constantine the Great first used a diadem of pearls and precious stones over a gold helm, somewhat like the close crowns of later times, which seems to have set the example the sovereigns afterwards followed.

Crowns, as a rule, are composed of a circle of gold round a velvet cap, therein differing from coronets, which are not covered at the top. Hence the expression "to close the crown," used to be synonymous with the assumption of royal prerogatives, just as now-a-days, in a humbler grade of life, the expression to "shut up shop," is equivalent to the assumption of private life after the fatigue of selling small coal and mealy potatoes. This action of closing the crown was thus one performed by those princes who felt themselves strong enough to set up in business as kings on their own account.

The royal crown of England consists of a circlet of gold enriched with jewels and heightened by four crosses, and four fleur-de-lis alternately. It is really a neat thing in crowns, and in cases of emergency, as King John found in impecunious days, a deal can be made of it. He made a deal with it, and raised some money on it.



The Prince of Wales has only a coronet, consisting of a circle of gold, set with crosses and fleur-de-lis. As, however, it is not covered in, it must on the whole be a drafty kind of head-piece; which, perhaps, accounts for His Royal Highness usually preferring a modern hat, or at any rate a wide-a-wake, when out of doors. Not having ever worn a coronet, we cannot, however, speak with certainty on this point. Ascending from the coronet are three ostrich feathers, which, perhaps, denote that the Prince is always in good feather.

The younger sons and brothers of sovereigns have coronets diversified with crosses and strawberry leaves. A duke has merely eight strawberry leaves. And here we shall inform those of our readers who may not happen to be acquainted with the manners and customs of the "upper ten," upon a point of breeding most requisite to be observed should they be summoned, as most probably some of them will be, to the House of Lords.—[No extra charge is made for the information; it is included in the price of the present volume.]—In consequence of the strawberry leaves adorning a ducal coronet, it is regarded as a delicate attention, when addressing anyone of the rank, to mention him as "Leaves," or, in case you should desire to be very ceremonious, to address him as "Pottle," at once. This will invariably ensure favourable notice from the party (and a duke is a very large party indeed) spoken to.

We shall rapidly dismiss the other decorations, by stating that a marquis's coronet has two balls and two strawberry leaves; that of an earl, five balls only; a viscount, any quantity of balls you like to stick on; but, as a rule, either seven or nine balls; and a baron, who is the smallest kind of peer—a sort of stepping-stone, in fact,—only rejoices in four balls to his coronet. A pawnbroker has three balls; but as, for reasons of state, he does not usually wear a coronet, he places them, for convenience, outside his dwelling. As a rule, he is not a peer.

Besides crowns and coronets, we have also "Mitres," and

“Chapeaux.” The former of these belong exclusively to bishops, who, as pillars of the Church, also do their best, as clerical peers, to support the Establishment.

The “chapeau,” or “cap of maintenance,” was originally borne by dukes only, and was placed beneath the crest, serving sometimes in place of a wreath, of which more in our next. Afterwards the chapeau, like patents that have run out, became common property, and appeared in all sorts of unexpected shields. It is generally of velvet, scarlet in colour, turned up with ermine, and when not in use Heraldically, will serve as a smoking-cap.





CHAPTER XV.

OF CRESTS.



ESIDES the coronets, crowns, and chapeaux, there are other external ornaments used in Heraldry, and the most important of these is the Crest. Let us, however, commence in the orthodox manner, and in the regular didactic fashion.

The word "crest" is derived from the Latin word *crista*, a comb, and was worn by warriors on the tops of their helmets. As the fighting men who appeared in helmets,—and they all did it, naturally not being desirous of having their nuts too easily cracked,—strove to be cocks of the walk, it was to be expected that they would assume a comb: besides, its connection with a brush with the enemy must of course be obvious, to say nothing of the way in which they used to show their teeth to one another.

Originally, Crests were only carried by commanders, who were thus distinguished in battle, in order to prevent their being extinguished, just on the same principle as the cognizances on the shield.

The first Crest extant, is found on the great seal of Richard Cœur de Lion, and as both his friends and foes often found him a man much given to whacks, it is to be presumed that the seal made a great impression upon them.

Crests came into general use about the time of Henry III., in whose reign that now popular entertainment, the House of Commons, may be said to have originated.

In the present day, everybody who is somebody, and a great many who are nobodies, sport Crests, and very often with about as much right to them as a dromedary has to a frock coat.

The coats of arms of ladies are not surmounted by Crests, although in private life combs are often to be met with above their coats, or, we should say, dresses. Perhaps the nearest approach to a Crest in feminine adornments, is the chignon, though we doubt much if Sir Albert Woods would be inclined to admit that as a true Crest.

Crests are composed of all kinds of articles—arms, legs, heads, tails, and bodies of men and animals, to say nothing of such trifles as hatchets, towers, gates, or in fact any other thing or person that the exuberant taste or fancy of the wearer might suggest. When discussing the Heraldic Charges, we endeavoured to show to what extraordinary lengths heraldic imagination would travel, and the same remarks apply equally to Crests, so that it is impossible to classify them with any degree of accuracy, and, as it is impossible, we are not going to try. Nevertheless, we will just give our readers five heads, under which, as a rule, they may place the origin of most Crests. This will be a contradictory process to a certain extent, as in general the comb or crest is placed *upon* the head, but we shall place the comb or crest under it.

Firstly : sometimes a ferocious animal, such as a lion, a tiger, or a

bear, was used as a Crest, and these were assumed to denote the peculiarly unpleasant or savage qualities of the original bearer—such as a propensity catawampously to chaw up his enemies on the smallest or no provocation.

Secondly: Devices also were adopted to perpetuate feats of chivalry. Thus, if a knight had vowed to fight three other knights with his left foot tied under his right ear, (they did such foolish things in those times that nothing was too absurd for them to attempt,) and successfully performed his vow, he would probably ever after have worn a foot with a rope round it as his Crest, to perpetuate how extensive an idiot he had been on that occasion. On the same principle in the present day, when an inebriated draper's assistant, coming from the Pig and Whistle, successfully smashes a gas lamp without being taken up by the police, he might, should his selection be sanctioned by the Herald's College, adopt a "gas lamp frangant proper" as his Crest.

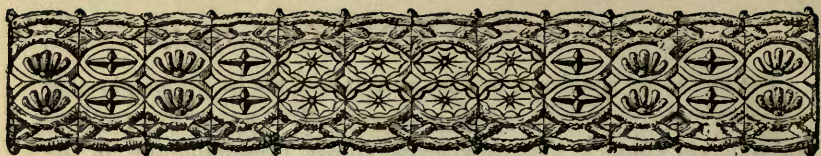
Thirdly: Occasionally the most prominent charge in the shield was used as a Crest—as when three potatoes baked, or three herrings pickled, are the chief cognizance of a shield, one of them would, in default of any other Crest, be adopted as such.

Fourthly: In commemoration of religious, which are often quite as stupid as chivalric, vows, Crests were assumed. Thus, a pilgrim to the Holy Land would wear a scallop shell in his helmet, which, to modern ideas, engenders thoughts of oysters; and as pilgrims were frequently what we should call a fishy lot, this device was not altogether inappropriate.

Fifthly: In sheer whims originated many Crests; and when we reflect upon the exceeding varieties of whimsicality existing in this world, the extent to which this source must have given rise to Crests is positively appalling in the wideness of the field it opens to our view. So that all those Crests which cannot be traced to any exact origin must come under this head, and it may serve us instead of the well-used but slightly vague expression, *et cætera, et cætera*.

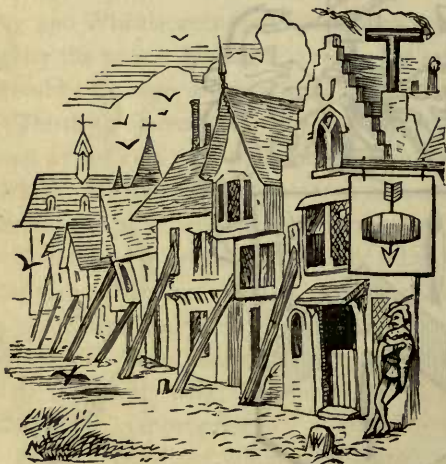
Before saying good-bye to the Crest, it will not be out of place to mention the wreath upon which it stands. This wreath is composed of different colours, generally those chiefly predominating in the shield. It is also sometimes called the "Torce," which name may,—we do not speak with any certainty,—have arisen from the fact that it was a toss up whether the wearer carried his head and Crest out of battle or not.





CHAPTER XVI.

OF SUPPORTERS.



THE word "Supporter" opens a wide field for consideration in a general way, and when we contemplate how many and various are the persons and things which come under this head, we are tempted to lay down our pen, cut loose the painter of imagination, and drift off into an ocean of speculation too vast to be contemplated,

even, by any single-action brain as at present constructed.

The human legs are supporters to most people, and as a rule, except in cases where the natural ones have from some unexplained causes retired from business and been replaced by artificial, very good supporters to get along with. Sometimes, however, they carry

us too far; as when, for instance, they take us into somebody else's house to search for his spoons and other unconsidered trifles, and the police step in and interfere with our acquisitive propensities.

Our fathers and mothers in early youth are not unfrequently also our supporters—in fact, we may say almost the best we can have at that early stage of our existence. Failing these, do not the genial authorities of the parish step in? though we fancy but few would for choice accept these last.

Again, some have found a good dinner a capital supporter, especially when hungry; and even a glass of beer has been found not bad upon occasion; nevertheless, too many glasses are apt to prove less a support than a cause of stumbling, and finally to reduce the human form divine from the perpendicular to the horizontal.

A rich and childless uncle, or aunt, who gives us an allowance, can also be used as a supporter; and if to his or her other good qualities he or she should add the peculiarity of dying and leaving all his or her money to you, they prove most efficient.

Other supporters by dozens might be mentioned; but for the present, content with those we have instanced, we will merely say they are none of them the kind we have to deal with in Heraldry.

“Supporters,” in Heraldry, are the two figures placed at the sides of shields, and may consist of either man, bird, beast, or fish, or a mixture of all four. They may be borne by Peers of the Realm, Knights of the Garter, Knights of the Grand Cross of the Bath, Nova Scotia baronets, and chiefs of Scottish clans, and are conceded to those sons of peers who bear honorary titles. Bishops, probably



in consideration that after all they ought to be able to support themselves on their ecclesiastical revenues, have no Supporters, just as in armorial bearing ladies have no crests.

In England Supporters cannot be borne without the express leave of the sovereign, and in Scotland the same permission must be obtained of Lord Lyon, King-of-Arms. Like gloves, love-making, human ears, and other duplex arrangements, they are generally found in pairs; though a few single Supporters remain in English coats of arms, and in goods of the same description manufactured abroad, they are not uncommon.

Originally the rule was that both Supporters should be alike, but in modern English Heraldry they are frequently different. To quote only one instance, which must be patent to the most unobserving, we may mention the Lion and the Unicorn on the royal banner. Perhaps it was discontent with this arrangement that, among other reasons, caused the celebrated quarrel.

Supporters are usually represented as the figure of a man or an animal, where there is a man or an animal either composite or natural in the shield; but this is not an arbitrary rule, and it frequently varied according to the taste, or want of it, of the Heralds.

In foreign Heraldry, where the Supporters are represented by human beings, they are called "Tenants," in allusion evidently to the rent paid by those individuals so useful in supporting landlords, and it was only when animals performed the duties that they were called Supporters.

Supporters were introduced by Edward III., but were not in general use until the reign of Henry VI.; so that we may conclude that they were Heraldic *articles de luxe* introduced with the advance of civilization, like Australian beef, Dr. Kenealy, the School Board, and other luxuries.

It has been supposed that Supporters originally represented the

servants by whom, at tournaments, the shields of the knights were supported or guarded until such times as they might be wanted. Thus in modern life John Thomas supports or guards the cloaks and great coats at a pic-nic, albeit he would not therefore be considered as a Heraldic Supporter.

The Mantling is an embellishment of scroll-work flowing down on both sides of the shield, and originated in the "Contoise," or scarf, which the knights wrapped round their bodies in the days of coat-armour. Whether this scarf was worn for ornament or warmth, or both, is not clear, though on a cold knight a wrap of silk round the body would be preferable to a rap of a mace on the head.

An interesting question here arises which has often troubled our minds when contemplating effigies and figures in armour—and it is this. What exceedingly draughty wear armour must have been! Of course, we do not for a moment fancy that the Knights of old had nothing underneath their defensive apparatus—that is of course absurd. Propriety, and we suppose mediæval persons had as keen a sense of it as we at the present day, would alone have demanded it; but, on the other hand, there could not have been much clothing. And yet we never hear of a gallant warrior catching cold. We cannot fancy him tallowing his nose, or sitting with his feet in mustard and water, or taking sweet spirits of nitre before he picked out a soft plank well bestrewn with rushes on which to repose. But they must have had colds sometimes. Catarrh is not a modern invention. Coughs very likely came over with the Conqueror—but we are prepared to bet something handsome that the Saxons, and for the matter of that the Ancient Britons themselves, could have given an exceedingly good account of them.

But yet there it is—Chivalry and coughing don't seem to go well together. Nevertheless, if the wearer of chain armour on a chilly night, did not catch as good or bad a cold as he could

desire, or not desire, all we can say is, that the Knights must have been Arctic ones, and used to it.

But we are digressing from our digression. What did they wear? Well, after all it does not much matter. Still, let us try and evolve their garments.

Of course they had something in the jerkin line—that sounds useful when throwing themselves upon the enemy—and was usually a garment fitting close to the upper portion of the body; then they had trunk hose—at least we hope so—and this corresponded somewhat to our modern breech—(again we had nearly written an unmentionable word, but our readers will know what we mean without forcing us to enter into minute particulars); likewise, they finished off their legs with hose, which were as nearly as possible the stockings of to-day.

Therefore, however good for defensive purposes, it seems to us that armour must have been objectionable wear; heavy and hot in summer, and heavy and cold in winter. Q. E. D.

So, doubtless, the "Contoise," or scarf, came in as a useful vestment to Knights when on the tented field—and in gratitude they hung it on to their shields, and called it a Mantling.



CHAPTER XVII.

OF MOTTOES.

WHEN we mention the word mottoes, we wish it most distinctly to be understood that Heraldic mottoes, though oftentimes quite as silly, have no connection whatever with those poetical effusions in which the crackers and kisses of festive life are so often enfolded

Ay de mi. Our readers must pardon us if we here pause awhile to resuscitate from the dead past our first love, and tell how it was born, lived, thrived, and died on—mottoes and the sugarplums they were wrapped in.

We were young—very young: in fact we had, both of us, commenced our existence in that condition, and—we were cousins. Another and a yet stronger tie bound us to each other—and it was that we had each two parents—a male and a female. Need we say that the former were our fathers—the latter our mothers.

The present author started in his troubled course of life just one year and two months in advance of the object of his affection.

How we loved! Well do we remember the day when our mutual passion, which had hitherto been too deep for words, broke through the bonds of silent adoration, and took form and shape in action

The author was five, She was four. A fond relation had the

previous day presented Her with a painted wooden doll—and true to the natural instincts of childhood, and her sex, the paint adorning its ligneous head had been promptly and partially sucked off.

The author was sleeping in his cot the mid-day sleep of childhood when She came to share his rest. The author, as he lay wrapped in deep slumber, and doubtless communing with unseen angels, though he is not quite clear upon that point—not being able at this distance of time to speak with absolute certainty—had his mouth wide open, and She had the well-sucked doll in her small but pudgy hand.

The truth of the eternal axiom that “Nature abhors a vacuum” must have dawned upon her infant mind, and with that rapid decisiveness of character which marks all great intelligences She at once determined to put it to the test. Where could a fitter subject for experiment be found than her sleeping love.

“Fiat experimentum in corpore amato” was her unspoken motto, and instantly the head of the doll was rammed, with all the force of which that tiny hand was capable, into the open mouth of her unexpected lover. How, unused to such scientific demonstrations of love, he awoke; how he tried to scream, but could not; how, after severe wrestling with the offending foreign body, premature choking was that time, at any rate, avoided; how, when restored to his normal condition and comparative comfort, the author recognized the depth of affection which had prompted this somewhat unusual action, are matters too sacred to be spoken of even in a deep work of science—such as is the present.

Suffice it “that day they read no more.” They had not been reading previously, perhaps for the reason that neither of them knew their letters perfectly. But the love thus auspiciously inaugurated was henceforward nurtured on sugarplums and mottoes.

To enumerate the hundreds of sugarplums we sucked on the joint-stock partnership principle, and the numberless mottoes we spelled out together, would be a task compared to which the labours of

Hercules were but a light and facile recreation. Yet truth bids the author state that, as a rule, She sucked more than her share; moreover, She had what now seems to him an unjustifiable trick of biting them in two and retaining the larger half as her own portion, so that, on the whole, he did not altogether get the best of it—but what of that when “Love is lord of all!”

And the mottoes! How well does the author remember them. The simple

“When this you see
Remember me,”

or the more ambitious

“To travel with you through this life,
Both hand-in-hand, and free from strife.”

which had the advantage of being adapted to either sex, and was always applicable to loving souls.

But our love! How shall we recount its sad ending? The author has not the heart to do so. He has been young himself, and knows how susceptible are youthful minds; still he feels that he has a duty to perform to his readers which mere personal considerations do not permit him to evade.

She returned to Her parental home, and (the salt tears are trickling adown the authorial nose as he pens these lines) faithless as are Her sex, she fell in love with a boy of ten, with red hair, goggle eyes, and general repulsiveness alone to recommend him. And he who had first taught Her infant lips to lisp love’s language found, when next he met Her, that he was forgotten, and that that other and repulsive boy was reaping the ripe crop of affection the author had sown.

It was hard—very hard—so was the other boy’s hand when he smacked the Author’s head for daring to look at Her he had fondly regarded as his own property. The spell was broken; the Author

went to school, and when next they met She had daughters as tall as herself, and the long dead past was relegated to the limbo of oblivion.

To return, however, to our Heraldic mottoes. Their origin is enveloped in mystery. The generally received opinion is, however, that the first idea of the motto was obtained from the war-cries of the different nations. For instance, that of the Irish was "A boo," which, as an old chronicler whose name, however, the pickle jar of history has not preserved to us, says was "a bootiful one to listen to." Like the bagpipes, distance lent enchantment to the sound.

Edward III. was the first person who introduced a motto into his coat of arms, and the fashion once set, every one followed the royal example, and selected a motto for himself.

Heraldic mottoes are of three kinds—the enigmatical, or foggy, of which you have to discover the meaning, if any; the sentimental, or clap-trap, which are comprehensible even by an inhabitant of Earlswood; and the emblematical, or utterly boshy, which in nineteen cases out of twenty have no meaning at all, and finally the punning mottoes, which would bring down the house in a modern burlesque from their exceeding badness.

And here it may not be out of place to put in our protest against the extraordinary amount of inconclusiveness which generally pervades mottoes. No matter what language they may be in, and they are to be found in several, the fact remains the same, they very seldom finish. For instance let us take the motto of the Marquis of Aylesbury "Fuimus," "We have been"—Well! what if they have been—somebody of the family is surely going on with the business, whatever it was—and so "he is," and the motto, like most mottoes, doesn't in the least apply, and wants something else at the end of it. Either "we have been" rich, or poor, or hanged or blessed, or boiled, or skinned alive, or made chairman of a joint stock company; but we must have been something.

But to resume, we will just cull a few examples from the enigmatical,

or foggy. Suppose we take "Che sara, sara," "What will be, will be," the motto of the house of Bedford. This is a self-evident proposition, which nobody for a moment doubts; but what does it mean? We knew it all before. The only possible explanation of it we can give is that the inventor of the motto was just going to be hung and had learnt that the Home Secretary of the period declined to interfere.

Or take "Moveo et propitior," "I make an impression on him and am appeased," borne by the Earl of Ranfurly. Now, will any one explain the signification of this Heraldic gem? Don't all speak at once, but step up one at a time. To us it seems to be the observation of a knight, who, having found a soft joint in his antagonist's armour, had inserted his dagger into the place to the discomfort of his adversary. Naturally such an action would make an impression upon the patient, and the agent would of course feel appeased if he knew there was no chance of the compliment being returned.

One more jewel from the Scottish Heraldic Crown. The Earl of Kintore proclaims on his coat of arms, "Quæ amissa salva," "What has been lost is safe." Yes, not to be found again. Just for all the world like the captain's celebrated kettle, that was safe at the bottom of the sea.

And again another, "Vix ea nostra voco," "I scarcely call these things our own," which, if it means anything, must certainly be a rather unkind allusion to the probable way in which the remote ancestors of the Duke of Argyll, to whom the motto belongs, probably gathered together their possessions. Scottish chieftains of the early pattern had remarkably loose notions on the subject of *meum and tuum*, and the motto would seem to have been adopted either by a repentant MacCallum More, after a successful raid, or else one in doubt whether he should be able to get his plunder safely within the walls of Inverary.

We now come to the enigmatical, or clap-trap. To illustrate this

style the Earl of Radnor comes to our aid with "*Patria cara, carior libertas*," "My country is dear, but my liberty is dearer," which sounds very beautiful, but at the same time gives us the idea of a regretful pickpocket leaving England to avoid Cold Bath Fields.

Again, we have "*Murus aeneus conscientia sana*." "A sound conscience is a wall of brass." This is contributed by the Earl of Scarborough. People who have not got sound consciences not unfrequently have faces of brass, and brass in connexion with the human subject is generally found in that portion of the body. Not that it has more of the clap-trap element about it than the motto of Lord Sandy's, who declares on his coat of arms that "*Probum non pœnitet*," "The honest man does not repent," which, like a glass of blue vitriol, is very pretty to look at, but when reduced to common sense implies that so long as we only do not pick pockets we may commit any other trifles in the way of sins it may seem good unto us, and not care anything about it; which we cannot but fancy would be uncomfortable if carried into practical working.

Just another plum from the sentimental Heraldic pudding, viz: the motto of the Marquis of Ely, "*Prend moi tel que je suis*," "Take me just as I am." This is from the Sister Isle, and evidently is a pretty way of putting the old chorus of

"Tow row row,
Paddy, will you now
Take me while I'm in the humour."

which, unaccountable as it may appear, is not an Heraldic motto.

It is astonishing, considering how very unsentimental were the Heralds in the discharge of their duties, what an amount of unmeaning mottoes, which will not for a moment bear reading by the light of common sense, we find in the coats of arms of the governing families of Great Britain.

We now come to another branch of the motto system. The emblematical, or utterly boshy. Of this kind, "*Cassis tutissima*

virtus," "Virtue is the safest helmet," is a good example. The Marquis of Cholmondeley is the fortunate possessor of this Heraldic jewel. The perfect idiocy of this motto must at once strike our readers. The notion of any one in the days of battle-axes and five-foot swords putting his virtue on his head, even supposing he possessed a more than usual amount of that desirable quality, by way of a helmet, is too absurd to need one word of observation.

Another neat example of this class is that borne by the Duke of Athol "Furth fortune, and fill the fetters." This is not a conundrum, or an acrostic, or an anagram, or any other of those verbal gymnastics the answer of which is to be found in our next. It is a simple motto. If any of our readers can explain it our publisher has strict orders not to charge him anything extra for this present volume, on account of his extraordinary acumen.

When we come to "Crom a boo," "I burn," the motto of the Duke of Leinster, we think we have achieved a depth of enigma (or boshiness) which is positively unequalled. What does he burn—whom does he burn—and when does he burn? Doubtless some of the Leinster race have at various periods of the family existence burnt their fingers metaphorically and actually in various ways, but why commemorate the painful facts on the ancestral escutcheon. We have at times had our misfortunes, but as a rule we don't care to talk about them, perhaps because we remember that pity, tho' akin to love, is also a very near relation to contempt. Another thought strikes us, perhaps the originator of the motto was a victim to spontaneous combustion, and the singularity of the circumstance caused it to be commemorated as above; or, stay, can it be that not having led a particularly good life here on earth, "Crom a boo" represents the post mortem anticipations of the chieftain.

Before we say adieu to the utterly boshy one sweet and lovely specimen must not be omitted. It is "Agitatione purgatur." This Burke translates as "He or it is purified by motion," or, to put it

vulgarly, by being shaken up. Sir William Russell, Bart., is the happy owner of this delectable legend. Burke owns "but what the sense can be it is difficult to determine." We quite agree with Burke. But, stay! we *have* found the solution! The first possessor of the title was a doctor, and, doubtless, when he was made a baronet in 1832, the Heralds, in order to keep in his mind a recollection of the profession to which he belonged, gave him the motto which, they naturally thought, was a pleasant allusion to the practical directions we so often see on dispensed medicine—"When taken to be well shaken." On no other ground can we or anybody else account for this exceedingly forcible example of the utterly boshy.

We now come to the punning mottoes, which, as we have already observed, are frequently bad enough to figure in a modern burlesque.

Very often these belong either to the emblematical or the sentimental, but, as a rule, to the boshy. Of the first, "*Festina lente*," "Hasten slowly," the war cry of the Onslow family, may be taken as a fitting example; and of the second, "*Court hope*," the legend of the Courthope race.

Amongst the punning boshy order we may class that of the Fortescue family, and it is "*Forte scutum salus ducum*," "A strong buckler is the safeguard of the leaders," which is perfectly true if they only get behind it; but as a motto the F.S.S.D. is beneath contempt, and would seem to imply that the original owner was in the habit of getting out of harm's way whenever there was a row on, and he had a chance of being in it.

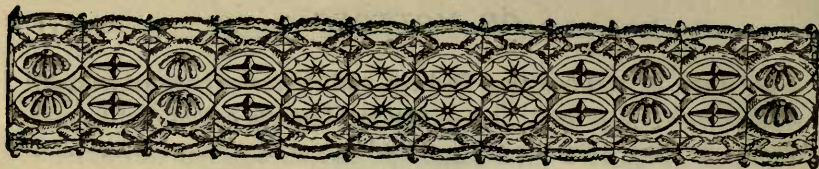
The Vernons take, "*Ver non semper viret*," "The spring is not always green," and this applied to the inclemency of our English springs has a ring of truth about it not often found in Heraldic mottoes. Evidently, the inventor of this one was an acute observer of meteorology, if not first cousin to the clerk of the weather, himself.

Before we conclude this interesting subject it may not be out of

place here to mention that Bishops and Peeresses have no mottoes on their coats of arms. This at first sight seems rather hard upon them, but really they get along exceedingly well without them—and we believe we may state on reliable authority, that the want of a motto has never had any deleterious effect upon their healths. This we are sure is gratifying to our readers.

And with these specimens of the motto we shall conclude.





CHAPTER XVIII.

BLAZONRY.



THE word Blazonry comes from the German word *blasen*, to blow, and originated in the custom of each knight blowing a trumpet on his arrival at a tournament. (The custom of blowing one's own trumpet is still maintained, but as tournaments have been abolished, and no corresponding games are extant, though football, according to the Rubly rules, is equally dangerous, it is now done at all times and seasons.) This blast was answered by the Heralds, who

decried aloud and proclaimed the arms and titles borne by the knights. Hence the term "Blazonry."

Heraldry is a science which, like old maids, is both arbitrary and exact, and therefore the rules of blazonry are always observed with the most rigid precision, no variations being permitted. In fact, any

Herald attempting to stray from the beaten track would be liable to find himself castigated instead of the track on the ground of having been guilty of "false heraldry."

The first rule in Blazonry is to express the Heraldic distinctions in the proper terms, omitting nothing and avoiding tautology. This rule might, with great advantage, be applied to other than Heraldic descriptions. We have received letters which—but we will not particularise,—still, oh departed Aunt Jemima! if in another, and let us hope, a better world, spirits are allowed, as the mediums tell us they are, to revisit these glimpses of the moon, and you come across these lines, will not your conscience prick you?—but a truce to vain regrets, and we dash aside the manly tear, and proceed at once to

Secondly : In blazoning a coat, commence with the field, stating its colour or tincture. Then the lines must be mentioned by which it is divided, as per Pale, per Fess, or per Chevron, such lines belonging to the Honourable Ordinaries, and assuming the first place in the description, just as in a penny-a-liner's report of a public dinner the name of Sir Thomas Spriggles, Knight, precedes that of Common-Councillor Snooks.

Also, if such lines are indented, engrailed, or invected, the fact must not be omitted, otherwise it is taken for granted they are straight. Finally, their metal or colour must be given, or the description will come under the head of a shady one. Then follow the Sub-ordinaries or Common Charges.

Thirdly : As we have already observed, there must be no unnecessary repetition in blazoning ; thus, where the field is white and the charges black, we should say "argent, a nose between two eyes sable," thereby intimating that both the nose and the eyes were black, a charge that would argue the proprietorship of somebody who had been in a fight, and one not unlikely to lead to an interview with a magistrate.

Fourthly : It would be wrong to say two eyes with a nose between

them, because we must always begin with the charge that lies nearest the centre of the shield, and of course the nose, in one sense at least, must be the scenter. It may also have been on the principle of *mediotutissimus ibis*, which is an excellent rule when walking in a tunnel with two trains, each coming a different way.

Fifthly: Where a colour has been already mentioned, and it is necessary to avoid ambiguity to repeat it in describing a subsequent charge, we say, "of the first," "of the second," &c., as the case may be. Thus we should say, "Vert a head or charged with a bonnet of the first," which would denote that on a green field a head with golden or fashionable hair and a green bonnet on the head.

Sixthly: When no position is mentioned for an ordinary, it is understood to be in the middle of the shield—that being the most honourable place—just as the middle stump is the best to bowl over at cricket—if you can.



Seventhly: Where the charges are of the natural colour of the objects described, the word "proper" is used after them, thereby signifying that when otherwise they are improper, not that any of our readers

need fear being shocked, seeing that Heraldry is one of the most decorous of sciences.

Eighthly: Where a sun-ray is borne otherwise than in the centre of the shield, the issuant point must be mentioned. Thus we should say:—"From a pie proper in chief four-and-twenty blackbirds issuant."

Ninthly. The number of points in a star or Mullet must be mentioned when more than five. If this rule were adhered to by dramatic critics it would be great gain, as we should then know

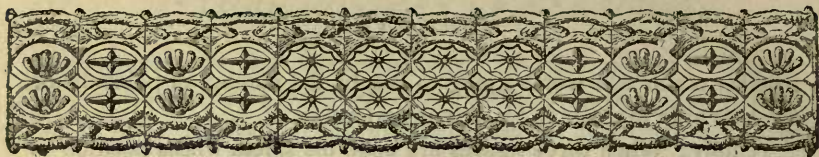
whether a star was worth going to see, by the number of points he or she was able to make in his or her performance.

Tenthly : When three figures are upon the shield whose position is unmentioned, it is always understood that two are placed above and one below, thus carrying out the well-known betting cry of two to one on the field.

Eleventhly : When there are many figures of the same kind, their numbers and position in the field must be distinctly expressed, just as in the police courts the number and position in the force of the policemen giving evidence are always stated in the papers.

Finally, and Twelfthly : A metal must not be placed upon a metal, or a colour upon a colour, on pain of any quantity of penalties, too numerous to mention and too dreadful to contemplate. The only exception to this being that when a charge lies over upon a field partly of metal and partly of colour, and at this half-and-half arrangement the Heralds would wink. Marks of Cadency, chiefs, cautions and bordures are also exempted from the general rule, some Heralds averring that they are not laid on the shield, but "cousu," or sewn upon it, a very sow-sow plan at the best.





CHAPTER XIX.

OF BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES IN BLAZONRY.



APART from the Charges, Ordinaries, Sub-Ordinaries, Common Charges, Artificial and Chimerical Figures, birds, beasts, and fishes occur as frequently in blazoning arms as in a Guildhall Banquet. And in the Heraldic, as in the culinary *menu*, they have their various values, and have to be described *secundum artem*.

Beasts and birds come first, and in blazoning savage beasts they should always for choice be represented at their fiercest. A lion or tiger, for instance, should be "rampant." Not that in real life they are pleasant to meet when in that condition, as they then have, according to the Heralds, their tails erected, their mouths open, and their claws, which are not by any means to be considered as the

saving clause, out. [N.B.—Advice gratis. When thus met with, sharp's the word and run's the action.] Otherwise they are "salient," leaping. In India, tigers may often be found a-bounding. Leopards and wolves are generally described as "passant," walking along would be a colloquial interpretation of the phrase, and if they were walking a long way off from us so much the better, and Griffins as "segreant."

This rule of ferocious description is, however, not always followed, as wild beasts are frequently blazoned "couchant" or "dormant." Some people say that this latter attitude is too frequently that of the British Lion; but as he usually sleeps with one eye open and the other not shut, he is apt, should anyone tread on his tail or toes, to become rampant, and then things are exceedingly lively for any who get in his way.

The milder animals are represented in Blazonry as nature made them, or as the Heralds imagined them, which is not quite the same thing. As a rule they are supposed, though, in many cases it is only a supposition, to have some connection with the cause for which they were granted. Thus the armorial cognizance of the Temple in London—no connection with Dr. Parker—where lawyers most do congregate, is a lamb, and the connection between a lawyer and fleece, to say nothing of the woolsack, is too obvious to need any further remark.

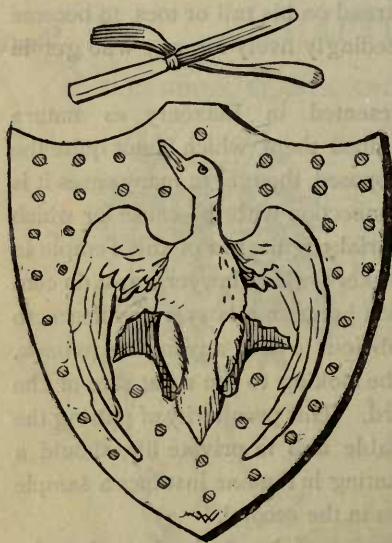
Every animal should, as a rule, be looking to the right side of the shield, and have its right leg forward. This peculiarity of putting the right or best leg foremost is advisable also in private life, should a mad dog or bull be behind you, wanting in the one instance a sample of your person, or an unfriendly toss in the second.

Another rule as regards the blazoning of beasts is that when the animal is coloured azure the tongue and claws should be gules and *vice versa*, unless the description is otherwise expressed in the grant of arms. The chief animals that appear in blue are lions and boars, and perhaps, if we go into the human species, policemen and blue-coat

boys. The tongue and claw rule, however, applies to them as well as to the Heraldic sorts.

Now for the birds, as the Alderman said when he helped himself to a brace of plovers, leaving only the dish and the smell to the rest of his family. Birds of prey, like beasts of similar proclivities, are the most sought after—instance falcons and eagles. Both the Russian and Prussian varieties of the latter are given to preying, firstly with an *e* upon their neighbours (*vide* France and Turkey *passim*) and afterwards with an *a* in their churches.

When birds have their wings on each side of the head, they are said to be “elevated” or “displayed.” Bipeds without wings also may sometimes be described as “elevated,” and occasionally it ends by their being “displayed” as well—upon a stretcher, with four policemen “portant,” en route for the Station.



When, however, the wings of the Heraldic bird are behind its head, or back to back, they are “expanded” or “adossed;” a fanciful arrangement looked at from a practical point of view, but doubtless, armorially, very nice as far as it went.

When the wings are not displayed at all, they are said to be ‘borne close.’ Shut up would

be the colloquialism for this style, and some interpreters of the science have supposed that this denoted that the bearers of such charges were originally impecunious, and that the non-volant attitude denoted that they had, vulgarly speaking, not a feather to fly with.

If a bird be placed on a shield in an unnatural position, such peculiarity must always be mentioned; thus "Argent, a pheasant proper making bread sauce to be eaten with itself," would be a case in point requiring decided mention.

Fishes are of less esteem as common charges than birds or beasts. Some Heralds declare the cause of this to be that they came after the latter in the order of creation. Hence the term "fishy," as applied to any dubious transaction. They are borne either "upright," "embowed," "extended," or, like a bill of exchange or a cheque, "endorsed." Sometimes, also, they are "fretted" (lobsters boiled alive come very much under that description) or "triangled." Spitchcocked, devilled, or crimped, are not Heraldic terms applied to fishes. If a fish is placed horizontally is it "naiant," and then may be said to be going along swimmingly; if perpendicularly, it is "hauriant."

And that is about all, for the money, that we have to say about birds, beasts, and fishes. Anyone wanting to know more, had better apply to Mr. Frank Buckland, or the Curator of the Zoological Gardens.





CHAPTER XX.

MARSHALLING ARMS.



BY Marshalling Arms is meant the art of putting two or more sets of these useful appendages to a gentleman's Heraldic wardrobe into one escutcheon, which might lead people to imagine that Heraldic coats were made of some elastic material, with a capacity for stretching unequalled in any other known fabric.

Such, however, was not the case. The coats were not stretched, but the arms were diminished and made to fit, making the pattern on the shield, where the operation was performed by "dimidiation" (a kind of Heraldic half-and-half) distinct from the entire of a coat, and displaying only one set of cognizances.

"Dimidiation" was the most ancient style of marshalling, and

possessed the extraordinary merit of simplicity. It was effected by chopping both coats in two, and sticking half one on to the half of the other, and *vice versâ*. What was done with the bits over we are not told; probably the Heralds regarded them in the light of legitimate "cabbage" and took them home to their wives, and mended their own tabards with them when those official garments required repair.

Of course, as might be expected, the dimidiated halves never matched, and presented to the spectator an incongruous, not to say ridiculous, appearance. Thus, supposing the cognizance on the first coat to have been—"Arg., a good templar proper" (or sober), and on the second "Or, a licensed victualler inebriant, beaked gules," half the cognizance would appear to be sober and the other half in a state of inebriety, which would naturally offend the susceptibilities of both families.

This plan was therefore not found to work well in practice; the Heralds, who were nothing if not inventive, determined to discard it in favour of "impalement."

The first idea as regards "impalement" is that it has some connection with a stake and the early Turkish prescription for the cure of Mohammedan perverts when caught, and that the Heralds, with that dry humour for which they were so famous, stuck at the perpetration of no monstrosity for the advancement of their doctrines. But this idea, like a good many others in connection with Heraldry, would be utterly wrong.

Impalement, in Heraldry, is performed by compressing two coats of arms and placing them side by side in one escutcheon, a fine line dividing them per pale. Thus, for instance, would be blazoned the arms of a husband and wife, just as in common life you may see woman and her victim, or "Baron" and "femme," as those funny wags Garter & Co. would persist in calling them, coming home from the family pew every Sunday morning.

As in the Latin grammar, so here, the masculine is, erroneously,

say the shrieking sisterhood, more worthy than the feminine, and consequently the arms of the husband occupy the dexter half of the shield, those of the wife taking the sinister side, or what is left.

Should, however, the lady be an heiress—an excellent quality in woman—her legal proprietor and worse half would not impale her arms, but would impose her armorial bearings upon his own coat, charged upon an escutcheon or “shield of pretence,” thereby delicately intimating to the general public that she, having given him her hand, he pretends to or wants to get hold of the rest of her goods and chattels. Where the marriage settlements are not tight, and the husband is loose, this pretence becomes a reality.

The children of an heiress take the hereditary coats of arms of their father and mother quarterly, just as landlords do their rents; which implies a fixed inheritance, a capital institution, and one specially to be recommended to all young persons starting in life. In these coats the first and fourth quarters contain the arms of the father, and the second and third those of the mother—another instance of man’s injustice to woman, the first-named quarters being the most honourable.

To return, however, to the general run of wives who are not heiresses, except to the natural estate of sin and wickedness which we all inherit, and upon which, as a rule, no money is to be raised. If from railway accidents, doctors, or other misfortunes, the lady should retire from this life, and the disconsolate widower takes another dip in the matrimonial lucky-bag, the first wife’s arms will stand on the chief (which suggests to the pensive student something of an acrobatic performance with the Bounding Brothers of the Desert), and those of the second on the base. Or the shield may be divided in tierce, that is, in three equal divisions in pale (this has a domestic smack about it, as the little boy said when his mother spanked him), the first wife’s coat, or should we say petticoat? next to the husband’s, and those of the second outermost.

Supposing, however, we have to deal with a man of such reckless hardihood and love of adventure, one who has the extraordinary boldness to plunge for a third time into matrimony, the arms of his two first speculations shall stand on the chief (acrobatic performances again, only more so), and the third on the base. Nay, Heralds even provided (Heraldically) for the positively awful contingency of a fourth wife, and ordained that her arms must participate in one-half of the base with defunct number three; and thus the armorial bearings of the various spouses will appear on the escutcheon of the husband as so many coats quartered, for it stands to reason that a man who thus often indulges in so many better-halves connubially must be content with quarters Heraldically.

Further than that Garter and his friends declined to go. Four wives in a lifetime they considered enough for any man, and the domestic relations of a Bluebeard [N.B.—A much misunderstood victim of marital love of perfection] were not recognized by the College.

Should a man, like the illustrious Mr. Weller, sen., marry a widow, he is not allowed, while adopting the rib of the deceased's husband, to take his arms with the other baggage, but only those borne by the wife as a single woman.

If a maiden or dowager lady of rank marry a commoner person than herself, their coats of arms are not impaled, but are placed side by side in two separate escutcheons upon one mantle or drapery, the lady's arms ornamented according to her title. As usual, lovely woman gets the worst of it, and goes to the left.

Kings-at-Arms and bishops impale their private with their official arms, the latter occupying the dexter side. Thus, in a prelate it would seem to intimate that though as a man he may be a success, yet as a bishop he is a successor, as he undoubtedly is to the former occupant of the See.

The arms of a bachelor, with the exception of the before-mentioned

officials, consist of a single Heraldic coat, never of two coats impaled. Bachelors, however, may have any quantity of other coats, waist-coats, trou—, sundry habiliments, provided they have money to pay for them, or can find a confiding tailor to trust them. Equally is this the case with unmarried ladies, both armorially and sartorially, substituting milliners for tailors.

[N.B.—The Heralds never gave trust.]





CHAPTER XXI.

ON PRECEDENCE.



S we have already observed in an earlier portion of this great work, one of the duties of the Heralds in ancient times was that of marshalling processions—and in the performance of this duty they had to see that nobody got in front of anybody behind whose boots etiquette ordained that he or she should walk. According to the dictum laid down by the American Constitution “All men are born free and equal,” (niggers of course excepted—they take a back seat—though not so far back now as formerly,) but the Heralds do not by any means accept this constitutional arrangement—they place men, and women too for the matter of that, on a line, at the head of which stands the sovereign of the country, and subjects follow in regular rotation, according to that station of life in which they may have started, and to which they may have attained.

We will, just in order to prevent any of our royal, ducal, or lordly readers getting out of place, run over the various ranks of which humanity in general is composed.

Before starting we may premise that holding a high position on a cab rank does not necessarily involve a peerage, or, ex officio,

entitle the holder to take his seat in the House of Lords. This point being settled, we come first of all to the Sovereign, who, as the fountain of honour, dispenses titles and other luxuries to those who please him or her, or still better, please his or her ministers. The sovereign is therefore, *ex officio*, the first gentleman or lady in the kingdom—and is literally at the top of the Heraldic tree. The subjects of the sovereign are also not unfrequently to be found up a tree—worse luck. Monarchs now-a-days do not have altogether a bad time of it, especially in constitutional countries, where the first axiom of Government is that the King can do no wrong. When things do not work easily, the prime minister of the period has his head metaphorically smacked, and is kicked out of office, and the sovereign rubs his hands contentedly, and thinks how pleasant it is that there is not the slightest chance of his being served in the same way. And thus matters work pleasantly for all parties—and frequent changes of government give every one a chance of having a finger in the national pudding.

After the Queen in the scale of precedence comes the Prince of Wales. As a loyal subject, the author hopes it will be a long time before his Royal Highness does come after our present gracious sovereign. And after our future king come the other sons of the Queen, her grandsons, brothers, uncles, and nephews—all gradually shelving down to the common rank and file.

Then, having finished up our stock of royalty, the Church comes in for our attention, and the Archbishop of Canterbury makes his appearance. He, as the Lord Primate of All England, takes the first place among the Peers spiritual and temporal. Apropos of All England, it is a popular delusion to imagine that he is captain of the All England Eleven, although we believe it would be quite possible to pitch a good wicket in the gardens of Lambeth Palace, if one or two good ground men were engaged to look after the turf, and have it carefully rolled.

But we digress—the Lord High Chancellor follows the Primate, and is followed by the Archbishop of York. The trio, in fact, forming a human sandwich in which the Chancellor plays the meat. Then come various great officers of State, such as the Lord High Treasurer, the Lord President of the Privy Council, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Lord Great Chamberlain, if these are of hereditary baronial rank; while the Lord High Constable, Earl Marshal, Lord High Admiral, Lord Steward of the Queen's Household, and the Lord Chamberlain take rank above all peers of their own degree, and enjoy themselves accordingly.

After these Royal and Official personages follow Dukes—Royal specimens of the order coming naturally first.

The title Duke, as our readers are aware, comes from the Latin word “Dux,” a leader, (no connection with green peas, though, if very rich, they sometimes shell out liberally, and instances have been known of even these exalted personages being done particularly brown at times). History says that Moses was the first Duke; at any rate he led the Jews a pretty dance through the wilderness. Be that as it may, Dukes were originally only of Royal blood, and the first English creation was Edward Plantagenet, the son of Edward III. who was raised to that rank by his father, as Duke of Cornwall—but Henry VI. broke through this royal rule.

During the Wars of the Roses Dukes had a lively time of it, as also did the nobility of England generally, each party as it got the upper hand having an awkward trick of celebrating its victories by decapitating, or otherwise extinguishing the leaders on the vanquished side—and the consequence was that the peerage was a good deal thinned out—and Dukes, like strawberries at Christmas, became excessively scarce. So much so, in fact, was this the case, that at the accession of Elizabeth there was only one to be found in England, the Duke of Norfolk. He, unfortunately for himself, got mixed up with Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth, who had a

forcible way with her at times, had his head carefully removed from his shoulders in 1572, as a gentle hint that she disapproved of his associations. After that the ducal title was extinct until 1623, when James I. created George Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

Charles II. created several young people in whom he was interested Dukes, and those of Grafton, St. Albans, and Richmond owe the origin of their titles to that exceedingly Merry Monarch.

Dukes take precedence of each other, as in fact do all peers of equal rank, according to the dates of their patents.

After dukes proper, come the eldest sons of Royal Dukes, and then follow the Marquesses.

The first Marquess was invented in 1386, by Richard II. who created Robert de Vere, Marquess of Dublin. Two years afterwards that nobleman got into trouble, and was attainted of treason and banished—and we have no doubt considered himself particularly lucky at being able to take his head with him into his banishment as part of his personal luggage.

After the Marquesses come the eldest sons of Dukes—Dukelets we might call them—and then follow the Earls.

The title of Earl is the most ancient of all—barring of course, the Apocryphal Duke Moses—and dates its origin from the Saxon kings.

Alfred the Great used the title as a substitute for King, and up to the time when Dukes were created, it was the highest dignity short of actual sovereignty extant.

Earl is the same as “Comes,” or Count. In the early periods possessors of this title never used any other addition to their Christian names—but in process of time, by way to distinguish one from another, and preventing the various Earls Robert or Earls William getting badly mixed, they began to add to their names those of their shires. As at that time there were not so many of them, this method was sufficient. To avoid mistakes, we beg to inform those of our

readers that the wife of an Earl is not an Earless—she is best known as a Countess.

After the Earls come the eldest sons of Marquesses, and they are followed in due course by the next highest grade of nobility, viz:—

Viscounts, who were originally a species of deputies to the Earls, or Counts—as their Latin name “Vice-comes,” would seem to imply. What their duties were is not mentioned—but probably at the first starting of their business they had to do all the odd jobs which the Earls themselves either did not care about or think worth while doing.

Originally Viscounts were not an order of the Peerage, but only an official title; but in 1440 Henry VI. conferred the title by patent on John Baron Beaumont,—and,

Then we come again to the younger generation, and up crop the eldest sons of Earls and the younger sons of Marquesses, who walk very much in front of the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, who take top seats on the episcopal bench, and are followed by the other lawn-sleeved gentlemen, according to the seniority of consecration.

And *apropos* of bishops, the last-made bishop has no seat in the House of Peers, he has to wait outside the door and content himself by looking at the proceedings through the keyhole, until one of his senior brethren thinks proper to retire to another and a better world, or from his See. Not that bishops often do the latter until they are obliged.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man is just a shade better off than the last bishop. He may take a seat in the peers, but is not allowed to vote; which seems to us something like being asked to dinner but not allowed to eat.

After the English Bishops (oh, Hibernia weep!) follow the Irish varieties of the dignity—and then we come to the Barons, which is

the lowest order of the peerage—the first rung of the lordly ladder on the top of which sits the Sovereign.

Who has not heard of the Barons of old? how they made war upon one another, hurled their enemies to the lowest pit beneath the moat, how they performed feats of dentistry on the guileless children of Israel, and how they had a habit of striding



About their halls, among
their dogs alone,
Their beards a foot before
them, and their hair
A foot behind.

In fact Barons of the
early pattern were about

as uncomfortable and unpleasant a race of people as it is well possible to imagine. Well, we have them among us now, only modified and civilised, and really, if it were not for the look of the thing, the author would not at all mind being a Baron himself, with £50,000 a year, and a seat in the House of Lords. But this is idle.

Barons are a very old institution, and have existed in England for any quantity of centuries the reader may like to imagine. Before the Normans came over the Saxons called them Thanes, but the conquerors altered the name to Baron, and it has stuck to them ever since. Up to the time of Charles II. Barons had no coronets, but that sovereign on his Restoration, perhaps to show his gratitude at once more finding himself in a royal berth again, where the wages were high and the work light, granted them the privilege of wearing coronets, which they have done ever since—excepting, of course, at bed time.

Then follow Viscounts' eldest sons, Earls' younger sons, Barons' eldest sons, Knights of the Garter, Privy Counsellors, Judges, and such like, small deer, Viscounts' younger sons, Barons' younger sons, and we come at last to Baronets, for whose existence James I. is answerable. He, with an eye to the main chance so natural among his canny countrymen, made every one a baronet who had an estate of £1,000 a year, and could undertake to maintain thirty soldiers for three years in the province of Ulster, and remit the first year's pay to the royal treasury. Artful Jimmy! Cash down was his motto, and not a bad one either on general principles; moreover he ordained that in order to distinguish their arms from those of other people who had not £1,000 a year, they were to bear on the paternal coat of arms a red hand, the badge of Ulster. We have seen two red hands coming out of the arms of an Ulster on a cold day; but away with frivolity. James made rather a good thing of the baronet business, and we are only surprised that no impecunious monarch has followed his example with a similar titular trick. We are certain there's a great deal of loose cash to be picked up now-a-days, among the *nouveaux riches*.

But to our precedence. Following the Baronets come Knights of the various orders—this, however, does not include the summer nights, which the lover, invoking his pretty Jane, said were “coming, love;” after them the eldest sons of the younger sons of Peers, the eldest sons of Baronets and Knights, and then, we have nearly got to the end of the story, Esquires.

Esquires were formerly apprentices to the Profession of arms—hoping to become, and very often becoming, full-blown Knights—that is to say if nobody knocked them on the head beforehand. Previously to being an esquire the noble youth commenced as a page—and, although of a higher rank in life, we have not the slightest doubt he was just as troublesome as are our modern and domestic pages—the only difference being that he had a soul above buttons.

Esquires had to make themselves generally useful to their lords, and they seem to have combined in their pursuits the duties of stud grooms (esquires of the stable), of housemaids (esquires of the chamber), of footmen (carving esquires), and of outdoor attendants (esquires for the body).

Now-a-days, anybody who likes may call himself esquire whether he has any right to do so or not. As a rule those who do have not.

Lastly we have "Gentlemen," which embraces every one who has a right to write himself "Armiger," and wear a coat-of-arms.

As anybody can, now-a-days, wear any sort of coat he likes, provided he can pay or get credit for it, this term "Gentleman" would seem to embrace all the rest of the world not previously enumerated.

Having thus laid down the law of precedence, there will be no excuse for any of our readers going to the rear when they ought to go to the front, or, what we think is far more likely, reversing that process.





CHAPTER XXII.

MODERN HERALDRY, ETC.



MODERN HERALDRY differs from ancient in about the same degree that electro-plated spoons of the present day differ from those found in old family plate-baskets. Both are of white metal, and serve the same purpose—but there the resemblance ends. Not but what genuine Coats of Arms are as procurable in this Year of Grace as they were five centuries ago, only as a rule the persons putting on such garments for the first time do not go for their outfit to the regular Heraldic tailors at the College, but prefer the slop work of Heraldic engravers, who “find arms.” Where on earth these latter do find some of the specimens they present to their customers would, as a prize conundrum, puzzle nobody more than the finders.

As a rule, the process employed by these artists is somewhat as follows:—

Jones has made money in the tallow trade, and retires from the warehouse and shop. Jones is not ambitious, but Mrs. J. is, and

thinks that a Coat of Arms with a Crest to match would be an acquisition to flaunt before the eyes of less fortunately endowed neighbours. So she makes enquiries on the subject of procuring the object of her ambition, and finds out how it is done. This information she communicates to Jones, who at first does not see it in the same light that she does. But when woman proposes she generally disposes as well; and the wretched Jones, finding his uncoated and uncrested life a burden to him, gradually comes round to her view, and in a rash moment consents, and starts for the Heralds' College. On his way he meets Smith, also retired, and confides his troubles to him, who sympathetically responds—"Lor' bless you, my dear boy, don't go to that there College. It'll cost you no end of money. Just you go to a Heraldic engraver, he'll do the job for you for half the price; and if you don't like the pattern when you've got it, you can just make him alter it to suit your taste." Jones has a frugal mind and follows his friend's advice, and in process of time a gorgeous Coat of Arms, Crest, and Motto complete, is sent home with a bill—this is paid, and the Joneses are happy.

The way the engraver has gone to work is very simple. He has looked up in a Heraldic encyclopædia the arms of some family of a similar name, and slightly altering some point of the blazonry, has served it up all hot to the innocent Jones, who, naturally not knowing any better, is perfectly content, and stamps it all over his belongings in a reckless and fanciful manner—regretting, perhaps, that he cannot tattoo it on his own person—so that the whole world may see he calls himself "*Armiger*," which he has about as much right to do as a bird of paradise has to wear a pea-jacket.

Not but what real Heraldry exists in the present day, and Grants of Arms made by the sovereign are enrolled at the College as strictly as in former times. In fact none are genuine that emanate from any other establishment; so that those of our readers who desire to start a real Coat of their own had better

apply to that old established concern, and see what Sir Albert Woods has to say to them.*

Jones having got his Coat of Arms, naturally longs for liveried menials, and hires them accordingly—and puts them into gorgeous attire, with tags, aiguillettes, facings, and all the luxuries of the season, complete. Whether he does it in strict accordance with the rules of Heraldry is more than doubtful, dazzling splendour being more the object he and Mrs. J. have in view, than armorial correctness.

The liveries of servants are governed by Heraldry, and rightly, for originally they were the clothes, as the name denotes, “*livrée*,” or delivered to the retainers by their feudal lords. In fact, the mediæval liveries were exactly the same as the uniforms of modern times—the said “Baron’s retainers so blithe and gay” cutting the throats of, robbing, or otherwise ill-treating, those persons who were obnoxious to the great man.

It did not always follow that those persons who wore a lord’s livery were his domestic servants; a duke’s son might wear the livery of a prince, if it fitted him nicely and suited his complexion, and it merely meant that he followed that particular chief, and went on the war-path with him, until he was old enough to have a war-path of his own. But when the feudal system was getting to be played out, our kings came to the conclusion that the festive retainers were becoming rather a bore than otherwise, to quiet order-loving folks, including the monarch himself, for the latter did not always care about having a free fight going on among the Upper Ten of the period, and thought it was high time to put a stop to the retainer

* For this advertisement we shall expect the College to find us not only a Coat of Arms, but a whole suit of Armorial Bearings, gratis. We are not at all particular as to the pattern, but require something neat and durable, adapted for the road, the river, and indoor wear. Supporters we shall not require, but a Motto illustrating our good qualities is absolutely indispensable.

nuisance. So Richard II. passed a law that no one but those standing in menial relation to a lord, should wear that lord's livery—thereby hoping to put a stop to the army-on-a-small-scale business which those noble Christians were in the habit of accumulating. But, despite the law, during the Wars of the Roses the retainers flourished more than ever, and it was not until the accession of Henry VII. that they were fairly knocked on the head—for that particularly 'cute sovereign put the law in force, as the Earl of Oxford found to his cost. Henry, happening one day to visit the Earl, he, in order to do honour to his king, gathered around him, and clothed in his livery, a large number of nice young men, who doubtless looked very pretty, and all that sort of thing. But the monarch upon leaving, sent the Earl in a little bill to the melody of about 15,000 marks fine, for breaking the law, which that nobleman had to pay and look pleasant over, and this rather put a stop to the accumulation of retainers, since it made them expensive luxuries, which not even the Rothschilds of the time could afford.

But to return to our Modern Liveries. Heraldically, the livery of a domestic servant should be of the two colours most prominent on the Shield; thus the colour of the coat should be the same as the field of the Escutcheon, while the facings should be that of the principal Charge.

But in practice this rule has to be considerably modified, and a dark drab would represent gold, and a lighter hue of the same colour, silver—and so on, and so on.

The Heralds, too, were nothing if not thorough, and they had not always souls above buttons—for they ordained that on these useful and ornamental appurtenances the badge of the lord should be worn—not his Crest, which was as personal to the great man as his nose, and could not be passed on, but his badge, which formed usually the chief charge on the shield, and was, so to say, the emblem of his family.

Before we conclude our *opusculum* we must just make a few remarks on Allusive Heraldry and Armes Parlantes, or Canting Heraldry—not that there will be any cant about our readers; we are quite sure that if they have accompanied us so far over the armorial fields they will have far too much sense in their compositions to leave any room for cant.

Allusive Arms are of two kinds, just for all the world like the sexes; firstly, those which contain Charges relating to the character office, or power of the original bearer; and, secondly, those which convey a direct pun upon the name. As an instance of the former we may mention the three cups to be found in the Ormond Arms, (N.B., that sounds rather like a public house, but it would not be one doing much of a trade if it only required three cups) whose family name is Butler. Moreover, this is the more applicable, since the Ormond family is said to have originated with one Theobald Walter, who in 1177 had the chief butlerage of Ireland conferred on him by Henry II. Of course, holding the key of the Hibernian whiskey cellar, the Butler celebrated the cups he drank of that potent beverage by recording them on his shield, though we should much doubt if he always restricted himself to a humble three. Another instance is that of Lord Forester, who bears a bugle horn on his coat, as a forester naturally should do. Whether the original Forester had an unpleasant habit of blowing his horn at unseemly times, to the annoyance of quiet-loving people, and so had to put it on his coat in order to stop the row, we are not told, but probably that had something to do with the charge.

The second kind of Allusive Arms are those called *Armes Parlantes*, or Canting Arms. On these a neat pun upon either the title or family name of the owner is embroidered. Lord Roseberry, who rejoices in the name of Primrose—no relation to the late Vicar of Wakefield—has three primroses in his escutcheon, and numerous other similar cases could be cited; but any of our readers

by taking up a peerage can find them out for themselves, whereby they will acquire knowledge and keep themselves out of mischief at the same time.

Some Heraldic purists consider that Canting Arms are unworthy of the science, but those people are like the wounded sailor who objected to be thrown overboard before he was dead, viz: "too jolly particular," inasmuch as in the earliest Roll of Arms, that of Henry III., no less than nine examples of this particular kind of blazonry are found. N.B., that roll we should say must be fairly brown by this time, not to say musty.

In the earlier examples of so-called Canting Arms, however, the process was frequently reversed, and so far from the Arms originating from the name, the name originated from the Arms; and it happened thus—Surnames were not, and, as we have already mentioned, earls added the names of their shires to distinguish the various Toms, Dicks, and Harrys. So the knights, who frequently had no other possessions than light hearts and a thin pair of chain mail greaves to bless themselves with, were not unfrequently known as the Knight of the Tooth-brush, the Blacking Bottle, or the Sack Posset, according as they bore those imposing charges on their shields.

Finally, one of the most unfortunate arrangements in connection with our present state of existence is that we must all die, but even after we are dead and buried we cannot get rid of the Heralds. They have several remarks to make even then, and their observations take the form of Hatchments. And when we come to Hatchments, any of our readers who are inclined that way may with perfect safety lay long odds that the *Armiger* to whose memory the Hatchment is erected, is as dead as a boiled cod.

The next thing the very uninitiated may ask is, "What is a Hatchment?" but here we draw the line—this book is not an "Answers to Correspondents" in a penny dreadful, nor yet an encyclopædia of useful knowledge, and if any of our readers does not know what is a

Hatchment let him or her lay down this work and go and find out—and if he or she does know, he or she will not want to be told.

Hatchments, as our readers are aware, are always lozenge-shaped, and vary in colour between white and black—*Place aux Demoiselles*. The Hatchment of an unmarried lady is black, and the full Coat of Arms is displayed upon it in its proper colours and tinctures. As ladies have no Crests, a knot of ribbons takes its place; this last tribute to female vanity is very touching, and shows that our Heralds, however stern and exacting in the execution of their duty, had yet a soft spot in their composition for the natural weaknesses of the sex. Ladies! think of this, and cherish a Herald, if you should ever have the good fortune to catch one alive. The Heraldic motto of the escutcheon is always omitted on the Hatchment, and in its stead some religious sentence is placed.

A bachelor has his Hatchment arranged precisely as an unmarried lady, with the exception of the ribbons. Not wearing them in his life-time, he does not require those adornments for his escutcheon when “life’s fitful fever is over.”

Again, *Place aux Dames*. A widow impales her arms with those of her husband, who survives, the Hatchment in this case being half black and half white—the arms of the defunct resting on the black, those of the survivor on the white portion.

The same rule is also observed by a widower. No difference is made for the disconsolateness or otherwise of the relict. In Heraldry there is no mitigated grief department. All are tarred with precisely the same armorial brushes.

When we come to the Church, we find that a bishop impales his paternal Arms with those of his See on his Hatchment. The black and white arrangement also prevails with him as with widows and widowers—his private arms taking the dark side, while those of his See are on the white. This is to signify that although he himself has gone over to the majority, yet his See remains behind to be

enjoyed by his successor, who naturally feels piously pleased at his predecessor having thus vacated it, and made room for him, which is, we think, all we have to say about Hatchments. One disadvantage of them is, however, that nobody, however heraldically inclined, can see his own put up; at least not on general principles.

Hatchments in Heraldry are like the cup of *café noir* at the close of a well-appointed dinner. The Heraldic feast is done, and the properly constituted *Armiger* to whom the Hatchment refers is carefully, comfortably, and securely deposited in his grave; his heir has endured the family Armorial Coat, to be worn until Death, the Eraser, makes him too a candidate for a Hatchment.





CHAPTER XXIII. AND LAST.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.



AST scene of all which ends this strange, eventful history," says the melancholy Jaques—and we shall make bold to borrow the line of him for this occasion only—not that we hope our readers have been melancholy while reading our Heraldic lucubrations, or that our attempt to raise a laugh on the arid soil of the College of Heralds has proved an ignominious failure. We have

also the less reluctance to "conveying," as the wise do call it, from Shakespeare, seeing that the divine "Williams" must have known all about the science, from the frequent allusions he makes to it in his plays.

We have now come to the end of our Heraldic journey; the terminus is in sight, the passengers are collecting their rugs, coats, and umbrellas,

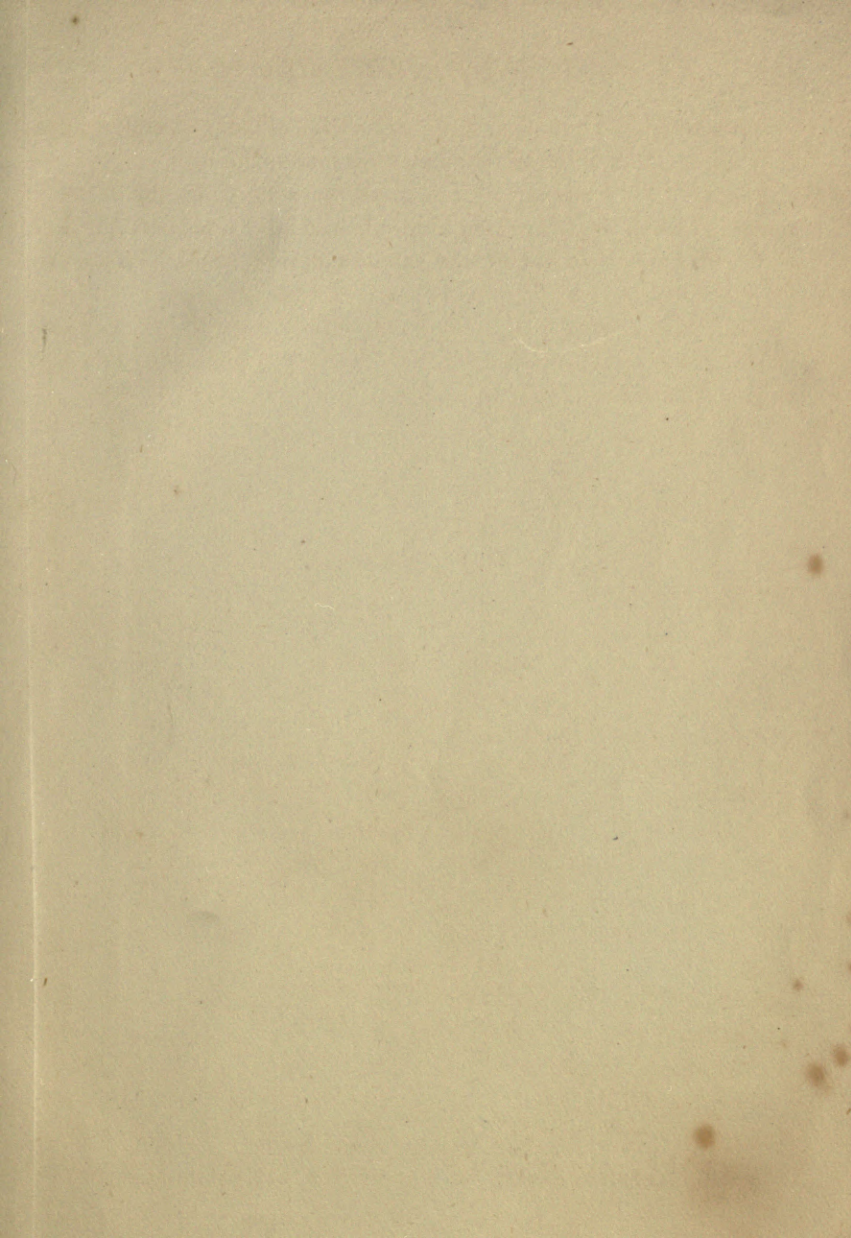
previous to getting out of our antiquarian train of thought, and we hope they are satisfied with the trip they have made with us.

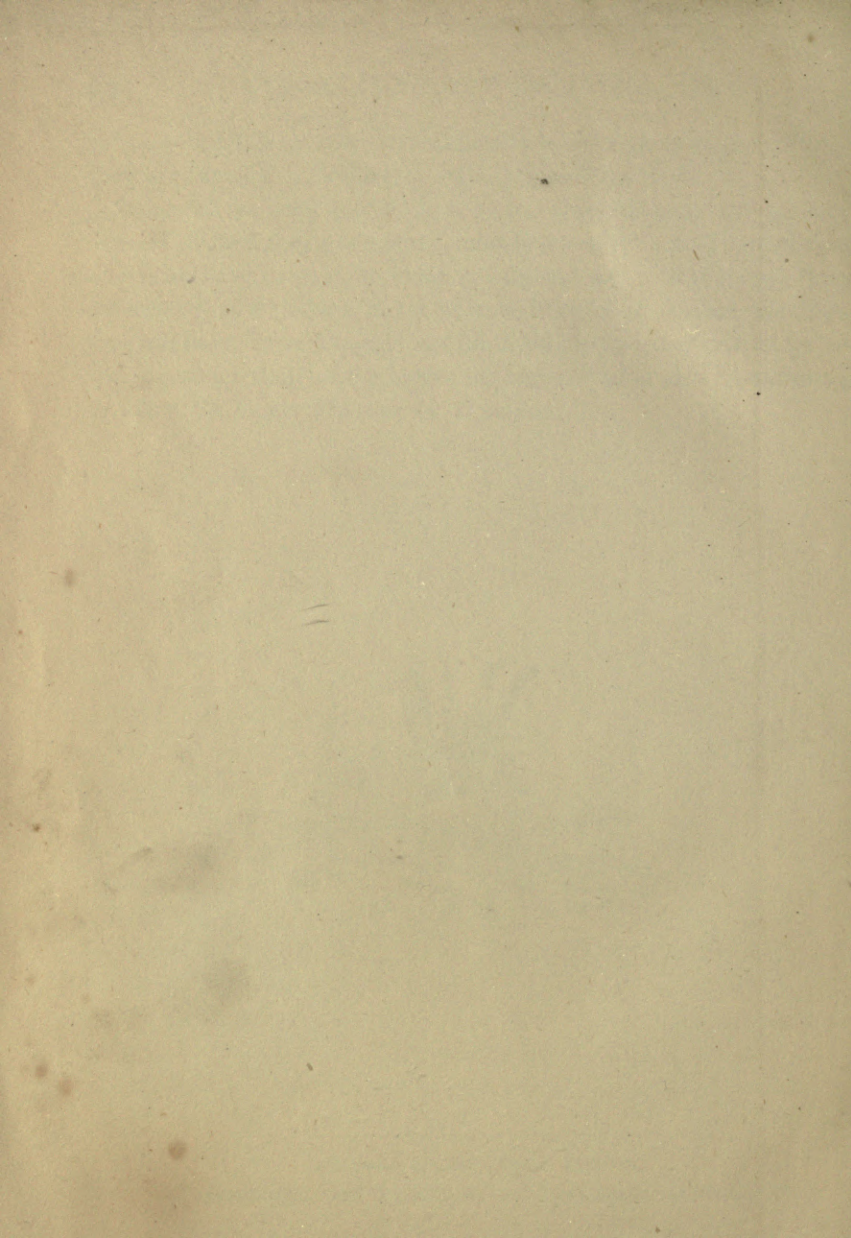
Readers! we must part! It is hard, very hard, as the monkey remarked when they gave him a marble instead of a nut; but the best of friends have to do it, and why should not we? Still, if you have travelled thus far over a rather obscure domain of science, we hope you will have learned a little and have laughed a great deal more, in which case we shall have achieved the aim we had in view in narrating to you "YE COMIC HISTORY OF HERALDRY."



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